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Another hilarious story about the wacky Minute Maids. This time it's the horse who laughs last as they all work their way in and out of the doghouse

By MAXINE SHORE and M. M. OBLINGER

Authors of "Hero of Darien" and "Knight of the Wilderness"

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I REACHED over gloomily and took another piece of fudge. It was my one solace. As president of the Minute Maids, I felt sort of responsible for Flower's conduct. Of us all, only Penny looked fairly unconcerned. She can always drown her troubles in reading. She was leafing through the evening paper.

"Here's a picture of a man who looks like my Uncle McKinley," she said interestedly. Then, "Well, my goodness! It seems he was treasurer of some company and he—he absconded with the funds. They're looking for him."

We were looking for Flower; she had been away all afternoon. Flower was treasurer of the Minute Maids. It was a nasty parallel.

"You don't think . . . ?" whispered Peanuts.

There was a muffled squeak from Blue, whose mouth was full of fudge. She pointed wordlessly.

Down Elm Street they came, beneath great shading trees, through falling dusk that was almost symbolic, had we but known it. I say they. Flower was leading Something.

Libby said soothingly, "We're just tired. We've had a bad afternoon. We're seeing things."

It was a horse! Actually. As one girl we poured down off the porch and down the walk. Speechlessly, we circled the broken-down, sad-looking animal. Right then and there I sort of had a premonition that this horse was not like other horses. Of course, I don't know much about horses—I mean, I didn't then—but I remember

thinking that this beast had a certain peculiar glint in his slitted, droopy-lidded eyes that no horse ought to have.

As I stood gazing up at him, he opened his mouth, which was too full of teeth, I thought, and neighed hilariously.

I leapt back. "Whose—whose is he?" I asked Flower coldly.

She swallowed. "Ours, Carol."

"Ours!" I shrieked.

She said pleadingly, "You see, it—it was like this. When I got to the auction . . ."

"The auction!" cried Peanuts. "Why, Flower Perkins, we waited there all afternoon for you. Without a cent in our pockets. While everyone else got all the furniture we wanted . . ."

"I didn't see you," said Flower miserably. "I was late—it was such a long way out there and everything."

Flower had gone to the wrong auction. In a way, it was Penny's fault again. Flower, I realize now, was but the innocent victim of Penny's mania for reading matter.

It was this way. We Minute Maids had agreed to furnish a sort of writing alcove in the USO center that Little City was proudly equipping for our fighting forces. By going without sodas and after-school snacks for weeks, we'd managed to save twenty-five dollars. But when we went to price new furniture, the prices simply staggered us. I mean, you wouldn't think it would cost so much just to sit down and write letters. It was then Penny had come across an advertisement in the Little City

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LAUGH



Neck arched, tail proudly up, David was soon prancing at the head of the parade. Penny's uncle held on grimly, an odd look on his face.

Ledger about the local auction.

"We can get things cheaper there," she told us.

Penny being the brain of the Minute Maids, we all listened respectfully and agreed to meet at the auction the following afternoon. But Flower forgot the place. Looking through the wrong Ledger, she found another listed, way out in the country.

"When I finally got there," she said now, "you weren't there and the auction was practically over. Except for David."

I swallowed. "Come again."

"David," repeated Flower. "That's his name."

"He looks more like Goliath," sighed Penny dubiously.

Flower looked back over her shoulder at him timidly. "He didn't look so big from a distance. He just looked sort of—sort of lonely."

Taking a deep breath, I put a presidential hand on Flower's drooping shoulder. Silently I counted up to fifteen before I spoke.

"Look, Flower," I said as calmly as anyone could under such circumstances, "just what did you plan to do with—David?"

Flower gulped. "I just

thought—he looked as if he—he needed someone. No one else seemed to want him and the auctioneer said . . ."

I bit my lip. I could just hear that auctioneer. "How much?"

"Just fifteen dollars, Carol."

All of a sudden David began a loud and continuous thumping with one hoof. We all glanced around, startled.

"What's he doing?" demanded Blue, backing off. "Getting ready to spring?"

"Horses don't spring," said Libby, who had once spent a summer on a farm. "They buck." She looked at Flower. "So that's why you didn't ride him home."

"Oh, no," said Flower hastily. "It was just that when I got up to him he—well, he looked sort of high. I thought it would be better if we got acquainted first."

In the next week we all got very well acquainted with David. There was no doubt about his being high. The first problem we came up against was that of shelter for him.

"We could put him in the writing alcove," said Peanuts.

Nobody laughed. We were at our wits' end. Finally my father reluctantly agreed to let

us keep him in our garage from which the family bus was gone for the duration.

Next came the feed situation. David ate—well, he ate like a horse. The ten dollars we had left of Minute Maid funds just melted into a heap of oats. We had to start borrowing. To bring matters to a nasty crisis, the chairman of the USO committee, Mrs. Pringle, called me up. The center was to be ready for the gala opening in a week.

"I hope you are coming along nicely with the writing alcove," she said questioningly.

"I hope so," I said, then caught myself. "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Pringle. You can depend on us Minute Maids."

I hung up the receiver then. I went over to Penny's house, feeling lower and darker than my own shadow. Penny was reading. I snatched the book and sat on it.

"Penny," I said, "does it mean nothing to you that the honor of the Minute Maids is at stake? Can you go on calmly reading when . . ."

"Well, now you ask me," said Penny, "I have got sort of an idea."

"You have!" I shrieked.

(Continued on page 65)



At the John Robert Powers Agency, Jackie Macmillan sits for the final touches to her new hair-do while Florence Awe thoughtfully ponders her assignment schedule.

Meet the MODELS

WAY down deep in your heart—or maybe even not so deep—have you wanted to change places with the girl on the cover? Have you wanted to be the girl who always looks smooth and glamorous, the one at whom everybody stares, girls with envy, boys with . . .

We wondered what makes these girls what they are—good models—and how they got that way. So we called in some cover girls to check up on the inside stories.

What makes a good model? Surprisingly enough, they all gave the same answer: personality. They unanimously said that it wasn't prettiness, but looking interested and interesting, looking alive and healthy and energetic. Not that every girl who appears to have all

And find out what's behind these four successful teen-age cover girls, members of one of the most glamorous professions

By MARY WIEAND

these attributes will be a good model—the camera eye and the human eye see things differently. Out of the thousands of girls who apply to model agencies each year, only about one in every hundred is accepted. Some handsome people don't photograph at all well, while some people who appear plain take very effective pictures. To click in the camera eye you must be photogenic, and that, in part, means having a personality quality that registers in the printed picture. Of course, there's even more than that to being a good camera model.

Authorities differ in defining it. One said that it was always looking well in a picture, no matter how silly the pose or unflattering the garb. Another said that the contours and planes of the face and general smoothness are important.

And how did these particular girls get to be models and what has it meant to them? To that there were as many different answers as there were girls.

Florence Awe started modeling when she was three. She's now nearly thirteen. One of the main differences modeling has made in Florence's life is



LEFT—Gwen Currier of the Walter Thornton Agency rests with her scrapbook.

BELOW—Judy Hall checks in at the chart-room of the Harry Conover Agency.
William Ward Photos

seen her shining, golden hair could guess.

Modeling for Judy really began one day when she was buying a hat. While she was trying on different bonnets, the buyer came over and commented on the fact that Judy wore hats very well and should model them. Then, a little later on, a friend of Judy's mentioned that she was going to try out for a modeling job, and Judy, remembering the buyer's words, went along. And so a career was born.

Judy Hall specializes in fashion modeling because she is a perfect, slim teen-size. (Cameras add inches to your figure.) Fashion modeling is all very nice, but it's precarious. Many a teen-age model has just established her reputation when she finds she's outgrowing the size—and then she has to start all over again.

Modeling wasn't completely strange to Judy, for both her mother and her father are artists and she has modeled for them and for sketch classes. What she really wants, however, is to get into the movies. Her chances look good. Warner Brothers are giving her dramatic lessons which may mean a screen test any time.

Sixteen-year-old Gwen Currier isn't planning modeling as a career or a stepping stone. She's been modeling for only a year and the whole thing was rather an accident. It, too, started when a neighborhood friend was going to try out for a modeling job. Gwen's mother urged her to go along—and Gwen got the job.

Gwen says that modeling is plain hard work, that sitting under the klieg lights and posing is both exacting and exhausting. And also, unfortunately, it isn't always sitting! She laughed when she recalled

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not attending school! Since the fourth grade she's had a private tutor and squeezed her lessons in around jobs, whenever she had time. She has kept up with her class, however, and passes the same exams.

The life of the successful model doesn't leave much time for hobbies, but Florence says she does love horseback riding, ice skating, and acting. But her favorite hobby is her fan clubs. She now has organized fans in Texas, Connecticut, Idaho, Pennsylvania, and Nova Scotia, and she keeps up a regular correspondence with them all.

Of course, being a model means a lot of fuss about grooming, plenty of sleep and a balanced diet to keep that "alive" look, and an extensive wardrobe. Florence has a brother of seventeen who thinks that the whole thing is pretty silly and will have none of it.

On the other hand, fifteen-year-old Judy Hall has a brother of four who is also a model—a very earnest one. Judy is earnest, too—and states that neatness is one of the most important attributes of a model. Judy said that her hairbrush is her best friend, as anyone who's



The Washington, D.C., School-Door Canteen does a rush business dispensing food and drink.
NEA Journal Photo

No matter what they call
their club, girls and boys
are having a fine time in

Teen Town Tonight

By LOWELL TREASTER

WHY didn't someone think of this before?"

"The swellest party I've been to in months."

"Boy, is this solid!"

"A slick affair, and you may quote me."

But that's not all! It wasn't just one of those incidental parties someone gave — which might not happen again for months and months. It was the first evening at a regular teen town and that meant that parties just as good and prob-

ably even better would be coming along regularly, maybe once a week or twice a week or even every night.

What is a teen town? Well, it's really a club that gets together from one to five nights a week, a club run by its members with the advice and help (and frequently financial assistance!) of local adults. Teen towns, as a place to go and dance to the juke box, a place to read and to play games and see friends, are springing up all

over the country. They have a variety of names—The Reck (for recreation), Can-Teen, Bar None Corral. They have just as many different organizational and operational setups. But fundamentally they are all the same and exist for the same purpose—fun, and as an answer to the "where-to-go" problem.

Let's take a look at a typical teen town. Let's analyze it and see what makes it click.

There's one in Manhattan,

Kansas, a town of around 10,000, only a few miles from Fort Riley. Teen Town in Manhattan has five hundred enthusiastic members of from thirteen to sixteen. It is run by a board of student directors elected by the members. There are a president, a treasurer, and three other directors. These directors set up the policies of Teen Town—but decide on the policies only after consultation with all the members. The directors also help plan the entertainment.

Each member carries a membership card. The card is issued upon payment of an initiation fee of twenty-five cents. The card owner signs a pledge agreeing to rules of conduct, rules which have been established by the club members themselves:

1. Membership card must be presented at the door.
2. Smoking not allowed in the dance hall.
3. No one under influence of intoxicating liquor allowed.
4. Guest cards must be obtained from the student governing body.
5. The chaperons or the student governing body have authority to revoke the membership of any member when regulations are violated.

Has there been any trouble about the observance of these

club rules and regulations?

"Of course not," a half dozen members chorus indignantly. "It's a privilege to have one of these cards and we're going to see that we don't violate these few simple but sound rules."

Teen Town in Manhattan opens every Friday night at 8:30, closes promptly at 11:30. Soon it will function more often. Meetings are in a city building, given free for the evening by the city commissioners.

For entertainment there is dancing to the juke box, Ping-pong, floor-show entertainment, and games. Movies and a few school dances were the only other entertainment the young people had before. The Lions Club sponsors Teen Town in Manhattan, and provides chaperons for each week's parties. The Lions Club contributed funds to get Teen Town going, but the Teen Towners themselves hope the club will soon support itself with the income from dues, refreshments, spe-

cial dances, and other sources.

The Ranch House in Arkansas City, Kansas, has had more elaborate parties with magicians and movies as well as dancing. But fundamentally it operates the same way. It, too, has a library for members who prefer reading to some of the other activities. Dues of this teen town are fifty cents for six months. In addition, the Ranch House makes a forty per cent profit from the "chuck wagon" which sells popcorn, candy, and soft drinks; its finances are increased further by donations from local churches.

Then there's the Burlington, Iowa, Spider Web. The high schoolers there even corralled a complete soda fountain from one fond parent. Now they jerk their own sodas.

In Raleigh, North Carolina, the Teen Age Club took over an old garage and scraped it free of grease and dirt. Then the Teen Agers raised funds to buy paint and lumber, rebuilt the innards of the garage, and even constructed a stand for their own school orchestra.

The girls and boys at Atchison, Kansas, adopted a novel method of management. They elected a complete city government. There are a mayor, a city manager, city commissioners, and a city clerk. A fee of fifteen cents per week is charged its

(Continued on page 53)

YOU, TOO?

What's your town doing about teen doings? CALLING ALL GIRLS wants to know about other teen towns. Do write and tell us all about yours, the way it started, what it does, and how.

THE EDITORS

A dance at the Flamingo Club starts with a stagline . . .

Acme Photo

. . . but as at the School-Door Canteen, it's soon all out for a conga.

NEA Journal Photo



The orderly, Jim Tait, turned
as he heard Gail's frantic call.

Mystery in Ward 13

With a disappearing patient and a fire in the utility room of the ward, the affairs of City Hospital get more and more baffling

By MARGARET SUTTON
Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

At the end of their first day on duty in City Hospital, Cadet Nurses Gail Gardner and Eva Fairfax recounted to their classmates all the strange events in Ward 13: Eva was shut in a closet; a fire started in a wastebasket; an oxygen tank, which Jim Tait, the orderly, had forgotten to remove, had been left turned on; a patient, Miss Holly, said her jewels were gone and accused a sailor visiting his mother in the ward of stealing them. Dr. Britt said Miss Holly's jewels were only imaginary. Bonnie Albright mentioned that the superintendent had lost some jewels. In searching the wastebasket for clues to the origin of the fire the girls found a cigarette butt and a scrap of paper reading "her . . . hospital blaze . . ." Bonnie found another clue which she kept to herself. Bonnie felt Miss Holly must be guilty. Gail said she was too weak to leave her bed, but when she went to bathe her the next day, Miss Holly had disappeared! Gail rushed to tell the head nurse. Now go on with Chapter IV.

SO you suspect Miss Holly of starting that fire?" asked Miss Robinson, turning to Gail after she had finished giving directions over the telephone. Every exit was to be watched and a search for Miss Holly had been ordered.

"I didn't suspect her at first," Gail admitted, "but now the facts sort of speak for themselves. I was—well, rather fond of her."

"We all were," confessed the head nurse. "She seemed so lonely and friendless. One of our social service workers found her wandering the streets last winter and she was given a job in the hospital linen room. The work wasn't hard, but it proved to be too much for her. She may blame us for her illness and have some

confused idea of revenge. When did you miss her?"

"Just now," Gail said, "but she must have left the ward before I came on duty. She had placed a rolled-up bath blanket under the covers on purpose to fool the nurse. I—I just naturally thought she was asleep."

"That's understandable. You know the rules in case of an emergency?"

"I think I do, Miss Robinson," Gail answered. "We're supposed to close all the doors and keep the patients quiet. If it's necessary to remove them we are to help wheel out beds and stretchers and see that every patient is accounted for. But isn't it more important just now to find Miss Holly? I'd like to hunt for her if I may."

"Where would you look, Miss Gardner?"

"I don't know," Gail replied, "but I think Miss Albright, on the next floor, may have an idea. May I go up and ask her?" Miss Robinson gave her consent and Gail raced up the

stairs. She found the class president busily rubbing the back of an aged patient.

"Bonnie, I must see you," cried Gail. "If you really are my friend, you'll help me."

"For goodness sakes, can't you see I'm busy? These screens are supposed to give us some privacy when we take care of a patient."

"I know," Gail panted, "but you said something—something about what Miss Holly was wearing under her hospital gown. She's vanished and I thought if she had her own clothes..."

"Oh, that?" replied Bonnie as if it were the most unimportant thing in the world. "I was thinking of a nine-tailed binder. But naturally she wouldn't be wearing one unless she'd had an operation or something. I'm so used to the patients up here on Men's Surgical." She stopped short, covered her patient quickly and pulled Gail aside. "Listen," she said, "it won't do to have Miss Holly running around loose in the hospital if she's the one who started that fire."

"Don't I know it!" returned Gail. "That's why I'm up here. I thought maybe you had some clue that would help me find her."

Bonnie sighed deeply.

"I wish I had. I'm afraid my clue wasn't that important, Gail. Why don't you ask one of the orderlies?"

"That's an idea. Thanks, Bonnie."

Gail hurried over to Jim Tait, the orderly who had offered to help her if she was ever in trouble. He was just emerging from behind a screen where he had been finishing another patient's bath.

"Just a minute, I want to talk with you," Gail told him. "One of our patients is out of bed. It's Miss Holly. Some of us suspect she may have started that fire in the wastebasket, and if she did, it's dangerous to have her running around. Have you any idea where she would be apt to go?"

"In a hospital gown?" The orderly chuckled. "She sure

wouldn't get far without being stopped. Maybe this floor or the one below. They wouldn't let her in the elevator and she's too weak to climb more than one flight of stairs. I'll look around up here."

"I wish you would. You're a real help, Jim."

Reassured, Gail hurried back to her own floor. Nurses and doctors were still searching frantically for Miss Holly. Gail's friend, Eva Fairfax, was alone in Ward 13. She looked up as Gail came in.

"I was just thinking," she said, "that it might be a good idea to search that drawer where Miss Holly said her jewels were kept. Bonnie seemed to think something was hidden in that box of tissues."

"The sailor could have taken it—only I don't think he would. There's nothing in the box now," Gail announced after she had removed the folded tissues and had turned the empty cardboard container upside down.

"Didn't you say there was a mask in the drawer?" asked Eva.

"There was," Gail replied, "but there isn't now. Maybe Miss Holly took it! The face towel that was at the bedside is missing, too. With a mask on and a towel around her hair I should think she could disguise herself as an employee or something, especially if she helped herself to a sterile gown on the way out. Miss Robinson said she used to work in the hospital linen room."

"That explains it then!" exclaimed Eva. "I'd better report that missing mask and towel."

Gail searched some more while Eva was gone, but found nothing in the bureau except the usual hospital supplies.

In the bottom drawer she came upon a used dressing basin that must have been placed there by some careless nurse. This she carried to the utility room to be washed

and sterilized. A thick cloud billowed out of the door as she swung it open. At first she thought that someone had forgotten the sterilizer. But it wasn't steam. It was smoke! It was coming not from the sterilizer, but from a large metal waste container with a cover that pushed in. Gail didn't dare push for fear she'd fan into a real fire whatever was smoking.

"I would be the one to find this. Oh, Jim! Jim Tait!"

The orderly was just passing the door. Hearing Gail's frantic call, he hurried in.

"Find your missing patient?" he inquired.

"No, but I found her work. Can't you see the smoke?"

"Sure," he grinned. "I'll get the fire extinguisher. You go look for your patient. This is one time she didn't succeed in setting the hospital on fire."

"Hurry, Jim!"

He hurried. On the wall just outside the utility room was a

A white-robed figure scuttled past them. "Pinch me," Eva said to Gail, "I saw a ghost."



huge" extinguisher which he lifted tenderly.

Turn upside down and play on fire, the directions read. It looked simple, but by the time he had returned with the extinguisher the smoke had become a blaze. Bright tongues of flame leaped from either side of the waste container. Jim Tait grinned and came nearer. "Watch this!" he said, flourishing the extinguisher. "I've always wanted to operate one of these babies."

"Isn't he brave?" exclaimed Eva, watching from the corridor. "Who discovered the fire this time?"

"I did," Gail whispered, "but don't tell. Let him be the hero. Glory! What's that?"

A white-robed figure scuttled past them. Or had they imagined it? There wasn't a soul to be seen when they looked down the corridor.

"Pinch me," Eva said. "I saw a ghost."

"It vanished all right."

Gail threw open the linen closet door, but this time there was nothing inside except the white linen.

"We may as well go back to Ward 13," declared Eva. "The ghost didn't get as far as the door, but it might be a good idea to look in the semi-private rooms on the way."

They looked, but found nothing. Quietly closing all the doors, they returned to find the light on and the ward patients all talking at once. The black-eyed foreign woman was trying to say something in English, mixing it with her own language. She pointed excitedly toward the corner bed and cried out, "Mama Mía! She come back."

"Miss Holly!" cried Gail, hurrying to her bedside.

She found the little old lady gasping for breath, her face pinched and blue. One swollen foot protruded from underneath the bed clothes. The ankle was puffed up to nearly twice its normal size. Gail was immediately sympathetic.

"This time she's really sick," she told Eva.

"The head nurse will know what to do. I'll get her," Eva offered. In a moment she was back with Miss Robinson whose usual calm had left her. Probably she had just been told about the fire. She regarded Miss Holly skeptically for a moment and then walked over to the drawer where the little old lady had said her jewels were kept. Opening the drawer and taking one of the tissues

attacks. Too much of a strain."

Gail and Eva helped by propping an extra pillow under the patient's head and placing her in a more comfortable position. Soon she was breathing more normally. At last a few halting words came.

"I—was—nearly done for—that time. Shouldn't have—had to—to get up." Her eyes searched Gail's face. "You there, dearie? You—you said—



Gail pulled the chic beret over her fluffy blonde curls and surveyed herself in the mirror.

from the package, she crushed a small, pearl-like capsule between the folds and then held it under Miss Holly's nose.

"Breathe this," she directed. "It ought to help you."

The preclinical students hadn't had much *Materia Medica*. It would be thrilling, thought Gail, to know exactly what to do for a patient who was suffering as much as Miss Holly seemed to be. She asked Miss Robinson what the capsule was and learned that it was amyl nitrite. The first whiff of it worked like magic.

"She'll come out of it. But she can't stand many of these

you'd take care of those jewels. I—I had to do it—myself."

"Oh, Miss Holly! You shouldn't," Gail exclaimed. "Just think about getting well and forget the jewels. You mustn't get up to look after them again."

"I won't," she promised meekly. "They're safe—now. I put them—where no one—can ever find them."

And, saying this, she sank back on the pillows and closed her eyes. Afterward, when Gail was telling the other girls about it, none of them quite believed it.

(Continued on page 40)

THE WHOLE CROWD'S WACKY OVER "SUN-WACKIES"

by
Teen-timer
ORIGINALS



It's a timely twosome for Summer days,
this streamlined playsuit with detachable
skirt . . . a smart dress one minute, then
whip open a few buttons and you're
fully dressed in shorts for active sports.
Teen-timer "Sun-Wackies" come in red, blue,
green or brown striped broadcloth,
sizes 10 to 16. Complete outfit about \$9.

For name of nearest dealer, see list on opposite page or write to

Teen-timers, INC., 1359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*.

Hi, Teentimers! What would you like to wear this Fall?

ENTER THE



Teentimer
OHRIGINALS



"DESIGN-AND-NAME-IT" CONTEST

\$1,000.00

IN U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS AS

PRIZES

and National Fame to the 30 TEENS who suggest the most OOriginal

**DATE DRESSES or SPORTS DRESSES
and NAME 'EM**

The manufacturers of "Teentimer OOriginals", America's most popular teen dresses, are anxious to give you just the kind of dresses that YOU want to wear for back-to-school and Fall. And so they are staging this ter-rific contest and offering all these swell prizes to encourage you girls to send in YOUR ideas. The winning designs will be seen in every good Teen Shop this coming season. They'll be Nationally Advertised and featured with the names and photos of the girls who create them.

Here's your chance to see yourself in the newsreels, in the newspapers, to get on the air! Nothing to buy! Awards will be made on the basis of good style, originality, practicability and appeal. Art ability does not count. The Official Entry Blanks contain outline figures and all you have to do is roughly sketch your designs over these outlines and name 'em. The contest is wide open to every girl from 11 to 17 years of age. It starts May 15th and closes June 15th. It's hot stuff, Teentimers! Get your Entry Blank now, and take a step to fortune and fame!

JUDGES: VYVYAN DONNER, Fashion Director of MaviStone News; MADAME LYOLENE, famous Parlatan Creator,

ADELAIDE HAWLEY, famous Radio Personality; HARRY CONOVER, Beauty Authority, Head of Conover Cover Girl Agency; NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor of "Calling All Girls"; JANE WITHERS, Star of Republic Pictures; PAT BOYD and JUDY HALL, Cover Girls; MATILDA TAYLOR, Teen Fashion Editor, Women's Wear Daily; JULIA COBURN, Director of Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers

Official Entry Blanks now available in the Teen Departments of any of the stores listed below.

Albany N.Y. John G. Myers Co.
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If your city is not listed, write us for the name of the nearest dealer or we will mail your Entry Blank to you direct.

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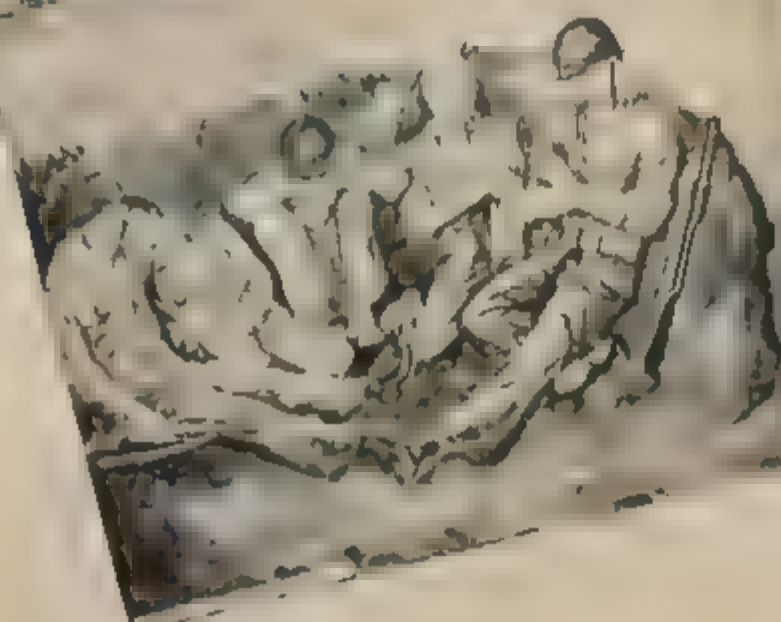
as Girls see the WAR...

IN Fascist countries artists are told what to draw. But here is art by American students that shows free expression in a democracy at war. These posters are part of a Library of Congress exhibit of high school art selected from hundreds of entries throughout the country. The work of these young artists reveals their keen awareness of war issues and their earnest desire to help achieve a speedy victory.

U. S. Office of Education Photos

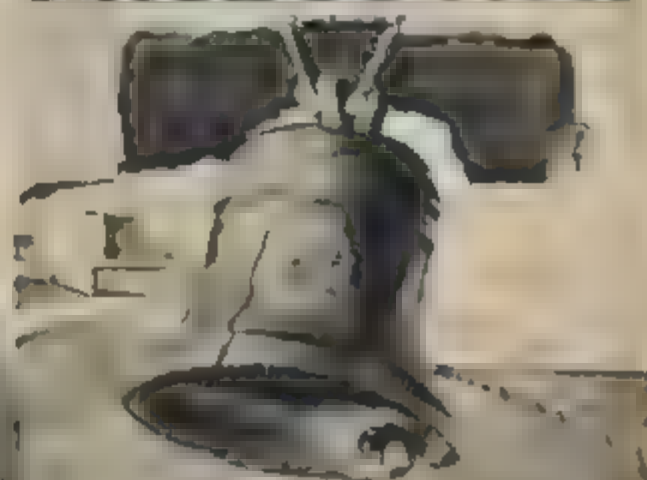


Above—Arlene Aki-na, 15, Kamohameha School for Girls, Honolulu, T. H., paints a man-made storm.



Right—"In the Fox-hole" is the title of this drawing by Helen Henneberger, 16, Western High School, in Baltimore, Md.

PRODUCTION



KEEPS RINGING

The battle of production in field and factory is the theme of Margie Winburn, 16, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa, Okla.

Anna Lee Hartwell, 13, Marey Junior High, Denver, Colo., shows how every American family can save and build for victory.

Mary Ann Compton, 16, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind., bows to the efficient workers who make weapons of war.

A soldier in the heat of battle makes a fine study for Sylvia Eastrin, 15, Abraham Lincoln High School, New York, N. Y.

CLEAN UP! PAINT UP!
PLANT UP!



...FOR VICTORY...

PRODUCTION



On looking your best!



Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

Rose Ellen Cameron

POWERS MODEL

Brown-eyed, brown-haired, Rose Ellen Cameron has a fresh wholesome beauty. She's a "typical American girl." Typical of many girls, too—in choosing Wheaties at breakfast-time.



MY ADVICE is this," says Rose Ellen Cameron. "It's better to wear too little make-up than too much. Try to get that natural glow that should come from plenty of sleep, exercise, and three square meals a day. That includes breakfast. Maybe like me, you have Wheaties to get breakfast off to a tasty, nourishing start." Breakfast a beauty aid? Give it a try! Include a big bowl of Wheaties, milk and fruit. Whole wheat flakes. Easy eatin'—and solid on vitamins. Try Wheaties tomorrow. **SPECIAL!** Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of three, including Rose Ellen Cameron. Each picture 5x7 in., suitable for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 697, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

INCLUDE WHEATIES IN YOUR MODEL LIFE!

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

You can have fun and an
earthy vacation as a farm
aide in coveralls and at the
same time do your share
harvesting victory

By EVA BEARD

Down the Farm



After a day's picking and haying, Scouts
gather round for campfire songs and stories.
Paul Parker Photo

THE summer of 1943 produced a bumper crop of enthusiastic girls and farmers, partners in the Victory Farm Volunteer program. When school bells rang the close of a busy season, the same farmers who had been almost unwilling to try girls as helpers said, "Give us girls every time!"

Everybody's in the war. It's just a question this summer of picking a spot where you can be sure of being useful. If you are the rural type or would like to try the country for a change, if you are energetic and durable and seldom under the weather, this summer may be the time for you to get down to earth as a farm aide. In 1943 the Extension Service of the War Food Administration placed 400,000 Victory Farm Volunteers—girls and boys 14 to 19 years of age—and as many more found their own jobs. The summer of 1944 looks like an even busier season.

From now until the end of the war and after, we must raise more food, not less—enough for our armed forces here and abroad, enough for increased Lend-Lease require-

ments of our Allies and for our own considerable appetite here at home. In a recent message calling on rural girls and boys to help food production in 1944, President Roosevelt declared that the nation was relying on the "determination and courage of our youth to see us through to victory."

Even if you are a big-city girl you can be of just as great help on a farm. If your family knows a farm family where you can fit in for the summer, you're in luck, because that's where you can probably be of more use than anywhere else; in addition you'll have about the most interesting summer of your life. One way for you to pull your weight in the world lifeboat may turn out to be as part-time aide to the farmer's wife, releasing Mrs. Farmer for milking the cows. Milking is skilled work you couldn't get away with quite yet; Emmeline, the prize Guernsey, is an expensive and touchy lady. You may find yourself tending a future farmer aged seven and a future farmerette aged five, or helping with large-scale farm cookery and canning.

You see, all the farm chores are war jobs, and there are openings in every department of the farm. You'll find openings for a new kind of fun, too, participating in many village activities. Picture yourself roasting ears of corn at a church picnic; sashaying through a grand right and left at the Saturday night square dance, making new friends at 4-H Club and Grange get-togethers. You'll probably spend many an evening singing around a campfire, swim or tickle your toes in the nearest brook—even find yourself a hayseed on a hay ride.

If your family doesn't know exactly the right farm, the next best way to find the job you want is to consult your school or church. Many schools will be organizing groups of Victory Farm Volunteers with teachers as supervisors. In most communities there is a central office operating under the County War Board, in close touch with the United States Employment Service, the Department of Labor, and the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture. The

county agricultural agent finds out where farm help is needed. Transportation and supervision of groups of girls and boys by grown people—teachers, Camp Fire and Scout leaders, or other volunteers—are arranged for. Your farm aiding should be done under the auspices of established groups that have already been in contact with farmers, and that have done the preliminary checking.

If, as a Victory Farm Volunteer, you live on the farm, the county farm labor assistant will call on you every so often to check on the conditions under which you work. You will be paid the same wages per hour as other workers in the community doing the same kind



First aid to the Oregon raspberry crop which would have spoiled but for the nimble fingers of the Camp Fire Girls.

and amount of work. Arrangements for the amount of work vary. If you are fourteen or fifteen, six hours a day is all you should plan to work as a rule, and not more than eight hours if you are older, and certainly for not more than six days a week.

There's much to be said for having your crowd along. Like a lot of activities, helping with the crops can be more fun when a group does it together. Last year some of the farm aides organized by the Camp Fire Girls, the Girl Scouts, the Girl Reserves of the Y.W.C.A. lived in temporary work camps near the farms where they were needed. Others of these groups lived at

(Continued on page 54)

Have a Coca-Cola = Here's to old times



...or welcoming home a sailor son

There is real welcome in a snack shared in the kitchen. With ice-cold Coca-Cola to add refreshment, you have all the makings for a good time. As our men in camp and overseas so often tell, there's no more cordial invitation than *Have a "Coke"*. At your icebox, the same as in P. X.'s around the globe, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become the global symbol of American hospitality.



It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

Romantic
as Texas moonlight!



Thrilling
as a stampede!

Big
as the
mighty state it honors!



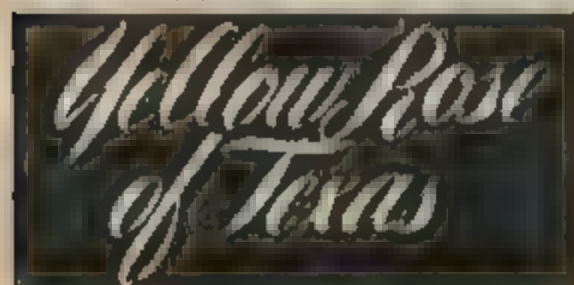
Here's America's favorite enter-
tainer in a musical adventure you
won't want to miss!

ROY ROGERS

King of the Cowboys

and
TRIGGER Smartest
Horse in the
Movies

In



with
DALE EVANS

George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers

BOB NOLAN

and the
**SONS OF THE
PIONEERS**

Songs

'Take It Easy'

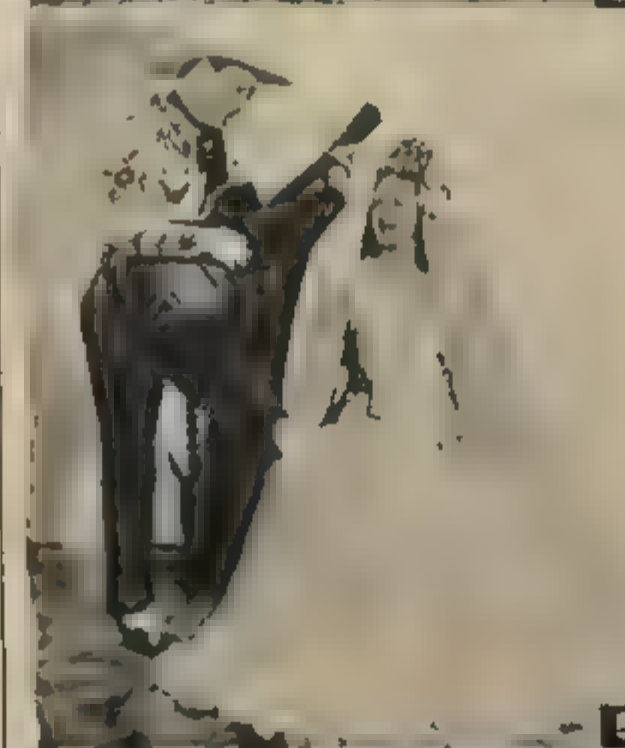
'Lucky Me, Unlucky You'

'Song of the River'

'Down in The Old
Town Hall'

'Western Wonderland'

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Movies

OF THE MONTH

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

① —The do-you or don't-you stage of admiring Frank Sinatra is over, for Sinatra proves himself a gifted comedian as well as a swoon singer in "Manhattan Serenade" with Gloria DeHaven. (RKO)

② —Red Skelton is still the bouncing funny man who makes you laugh even though you tell yourself he's silly. In "Bathing Beauty" Red loves Esther Williams, swimming star. This calls for a spectacular water ballet in Technicolor. (MGM)

③ —After the success of her "Junior Miss" Sally Benson wrote about the Calling All Girls of yesteryear in "Meet Me in St. Louis" Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien sing the title song theme of the 1904 World's Fair. (MGM)

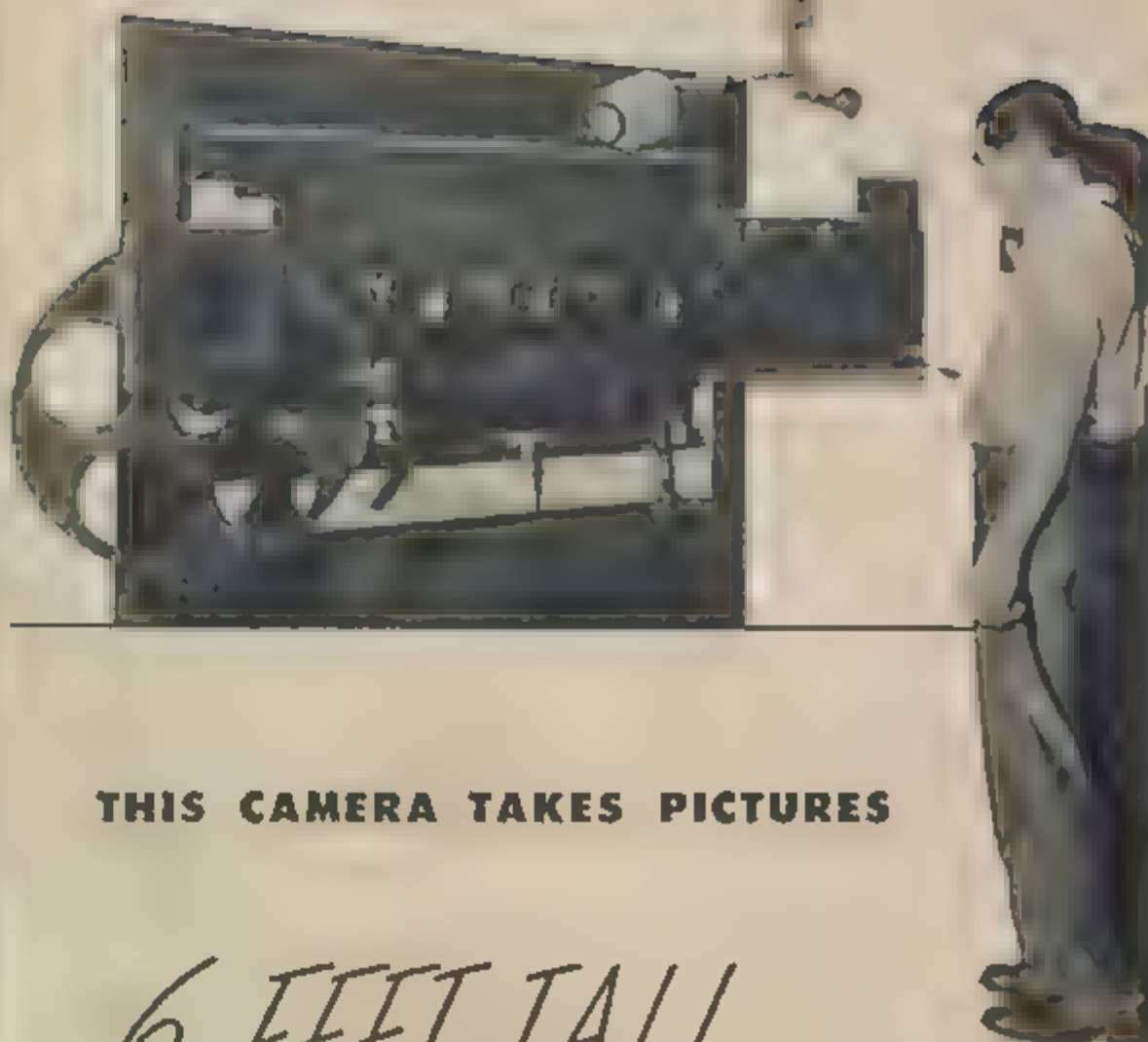
④ —"Cover Girl" features well-known magazine cover models but Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly dance so superbly and look so romantic that your interest is all in them. The film is in color. (Col.)

⑤ —Speaking of romantic heroes Roy Rogers rates, too, but high. In "The Cowboy and the Señorita" he and Dale Evans make music in a hacienda setting. (Rep.)

⑥ —Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor look quaint in fancy dress, but they're still plenty lively in "The Merry Monarchs," story of an old-time vaudeville team. (Univ.)

⑦ —In "Song of the Open Road" young victory farmers amuse themselves after a workday in the orange groves. When Jane Powell and other Hollywood singing stars arrive to help harvest, the film becomes a festival of music. (U.A.)

⑧ —"Once Upon a Time" tells of a boy and his dancing caterpillar, Curly. Cary Grant wants to sell Curly to Disney, but the boy's grief and Curly's own desire to grow wings intervene. (Col.)



THIS CAMERA TAKES PICTURES

6 FEET TALL

Imagine a camera so big the photographer must work *inside*, using a loud-speaker telephone to give directions to his assistants outside.

Largest of its kind in the United States, this camera can turn out negatives six feet long and three and a half feet wide — as many as 800 a day. It copies valuable tracings of research drawings by telephone scientists.

Another example of one of the many ways the Bell Telephone Laboratories is helping to speed new developments in dependable communications equipment for our armed forces.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

My brother has been in the service quite a while. My mother and father were heartbroken when he left and of course I was sad, too, but since his departure Mom and Dad have mourned and cried and brooded over it. Everything I do is wrong and I can't talk above a stage whisper. I'd like you to suggest some way for me to cheer up Mom and Dad and at same time help myself.—May B., aged 14, Texas.

UNDoubtedly May loves and often misses her soldier brother, and can well understand how sad her parents must feel at being parted from him. They would probably be the first to say they realize that this war must be won, or else the world would be a pretty terrible place to live in, and also that we must do our part.

Isn't it true that thousands of brave American men are fighting so that all of us may have and keep happy homes? In spite of the sacrifices and the wartime adjustments which all of us must be ready to make, family life should be as nearly normal as possible. Trying one's best to come up smiling—at least most of the time—and keeping occupied usually prove helpful to oneself and comforting to others. Brooding and worrying do not offer any real solace, nor do they make for good health or provide the strength with which to meet life's demands.

We may be sure that May's brother likes to think of his home as a place where everyone is trying to keep cheery. We hope that May sends him many happy-sounding letters, keeping him informed about her home and school experiences and giving him news of friends back home. She might

also write him that their parents love hearing from him frequently, to be assured of his welfare and to know he thinks of them. He would probably be glad to help May herself to understand how she can be of most help to their mother and father. They may need more time in order to recognize the necessity for holding firmly to the normal things that go into family life.

Everyone in the home—whether right there or far away—can derive strength and support from belonging and being wanted and loved. Family morale was never more important. Laughter, humor, simple family gatherings, friends, wholesome recreation—all these are ammunition on the home front. This is just as important as the purchase of War Bonds and the fulfillment of all other citizen and wartime obligations involved in keeping the home front strong.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



But Brother G. I. wants home to stay the happy place he left, one he wants to return to when the war is won.

A girl my age who lives near me is always following me around at school and wherever she sees me. She is nice to me but she is boring. How can I keep her from following me without offending her?—Janie K., aged 12, Illinois.

NATURALLY, Janie does not wish to offend another girl or her family, even though she objects to being followed around constantly.

When is a person boring? Sometimes we think of individuals as boring when they talk endlessly—often about trivial, unimportant, silly things. Or when they do not share any of our interests and so we have nothing to talk to one another about and no common thoughts to share.

Isn't it true, too, that a girl might describe another as a bore—or a drip—if this other girl happens not to agree with her at all times or is unwilling to do exactly what she wishes but greatly desires to do some-

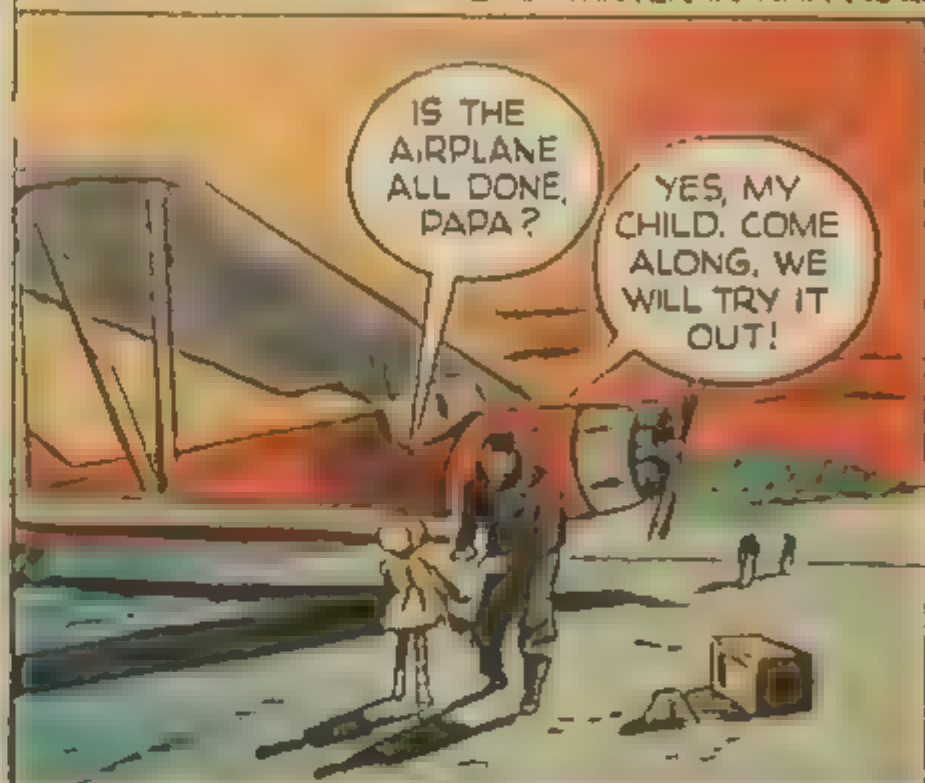
(Continued on page 60)

WOMAN EAGLE

THAT'S WHAT MILLIONS OF RUSSIANS CALL MAJOR VALENTINA GRIZADUBOVA OF THE CIVIL AIR FLEET, THE TRUE STORY OF HER LIFE SHOWS HOW SHE EARNED THE ACCLAIM AND THE TITLE



VALENTINA'S FATHER WAS A MECHANIC WHOSE HOBBY WAS AIRPLANES. ONE WINTER IN KHARKOV,



AND SO, AT THE AGE OF THREE, VALENTINA MADE HER FIRST FLIGHT.



SIXTEEN YEARS LATER...

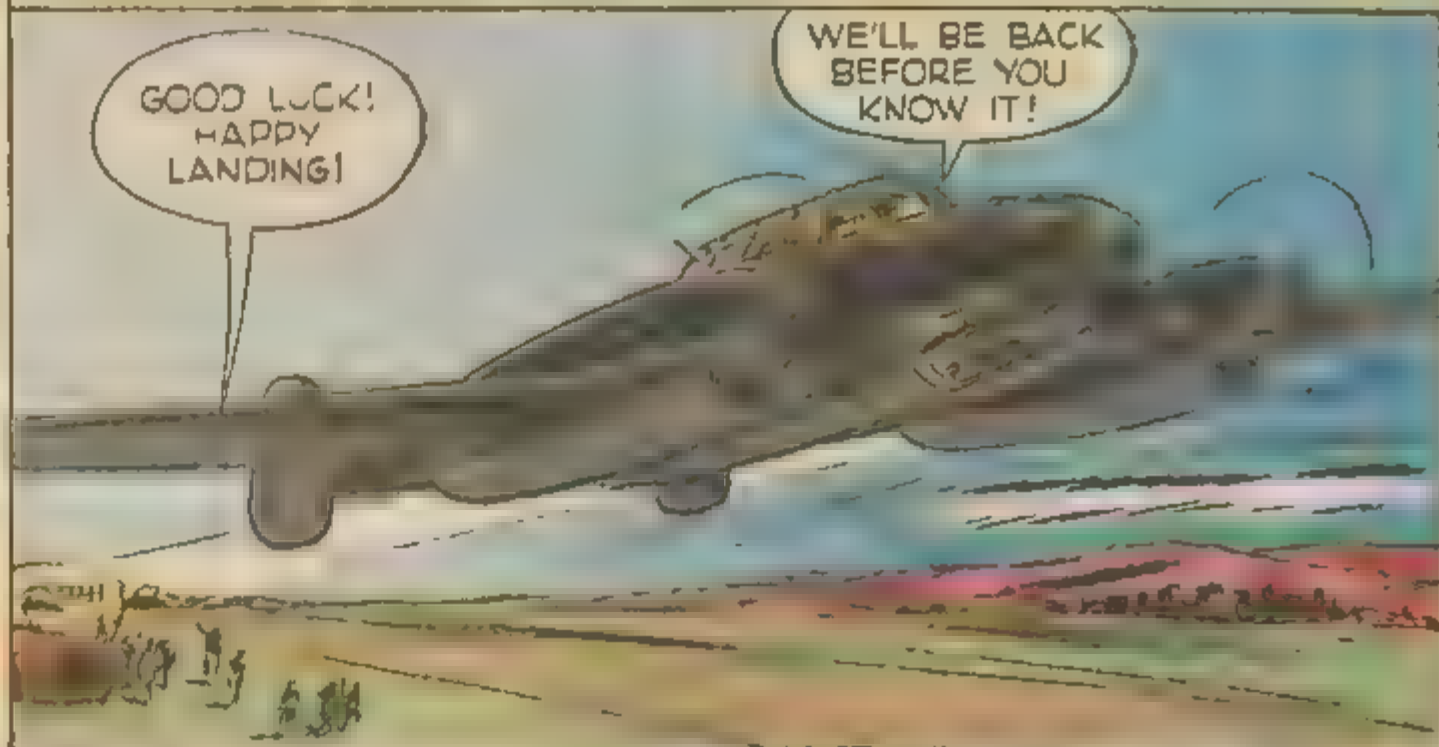
YOU FLEW AN EXCELLENT TEST, VALENTINA. YOU'VE EARNED YOUR PILOT'S LICENSE!

THANK YOU.



FROM THAT DAY, VALENTINA BEGAN TO BUILD UP AN OUTSTANDING LIST OF RECORDS. AMONG THEM, WOMEN'S WORLD SPEED RECORD FOR SPORTS PLANES; TWO WORLD SPEED RECORDS FOR HYDROPLANES, A WOMEN'S WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD!

ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1938, VALENTINA AND AN ALL-WOMEN CREW SET OUT FROM MOSCOW ON A NON-STOP DISTANCE FLIGHT TO THE FAR EAST.

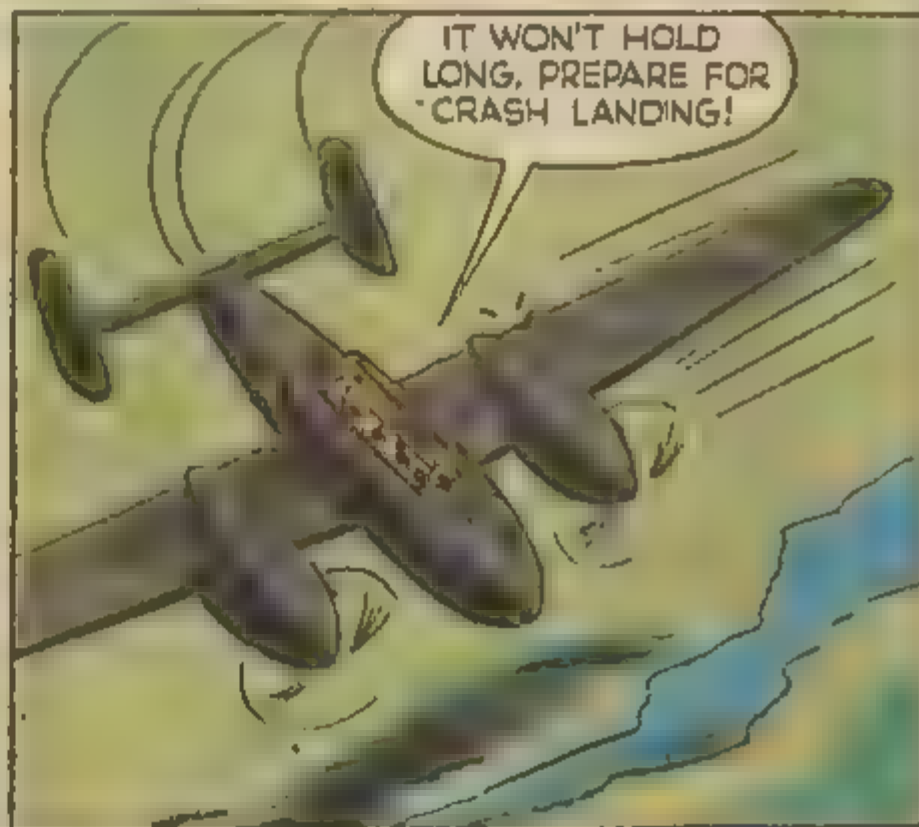
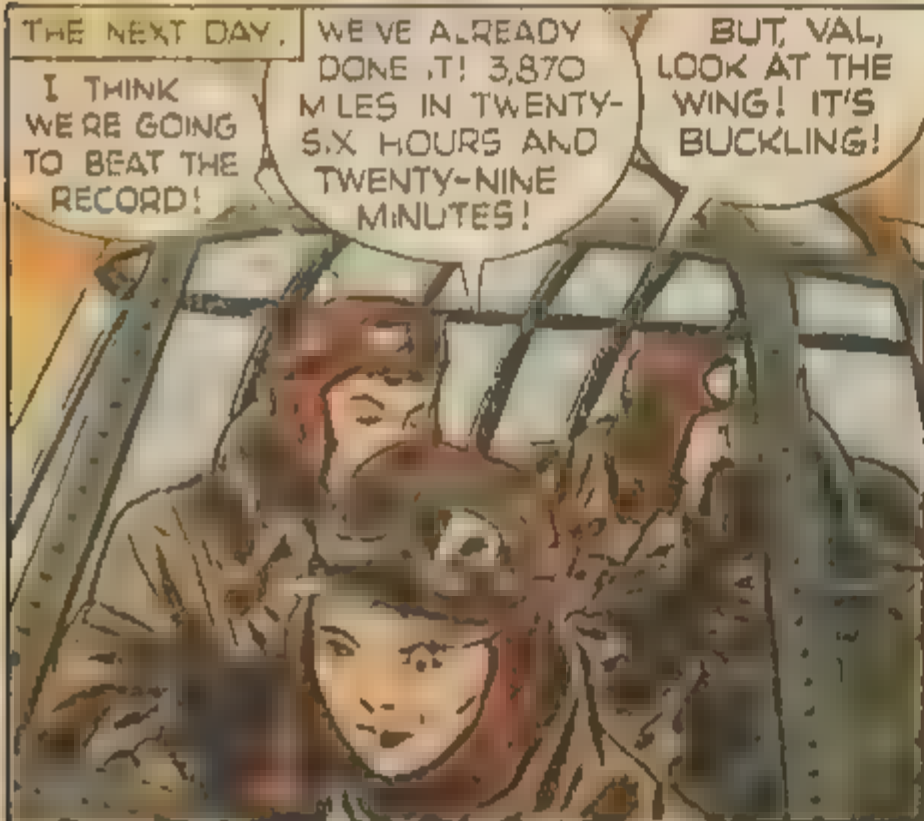


THE NEXT DAY,

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THE RECORD!

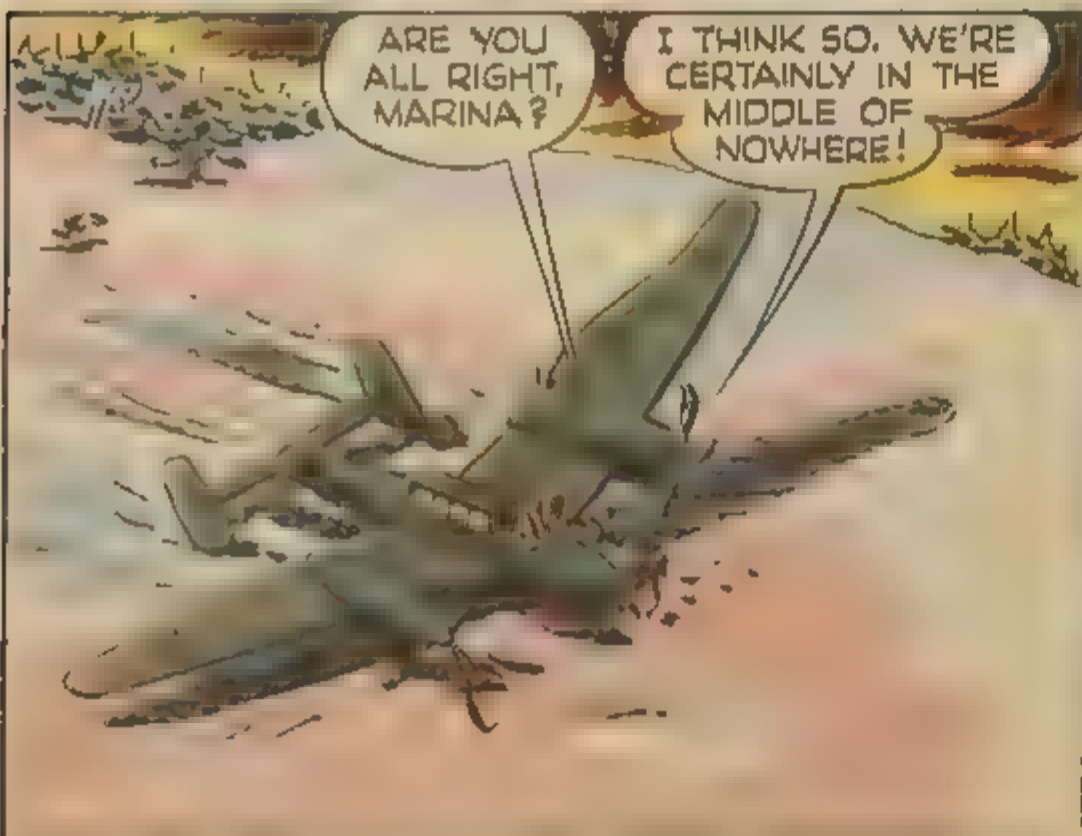
WE'VE ALREADY DONE IT! 3,870 MILES IN TWENTY-SIX HOURS AND TWENTY-NINE MINUTES!

BUT, VAL, LOOK AT THE WING! IT'S BUCKLING!



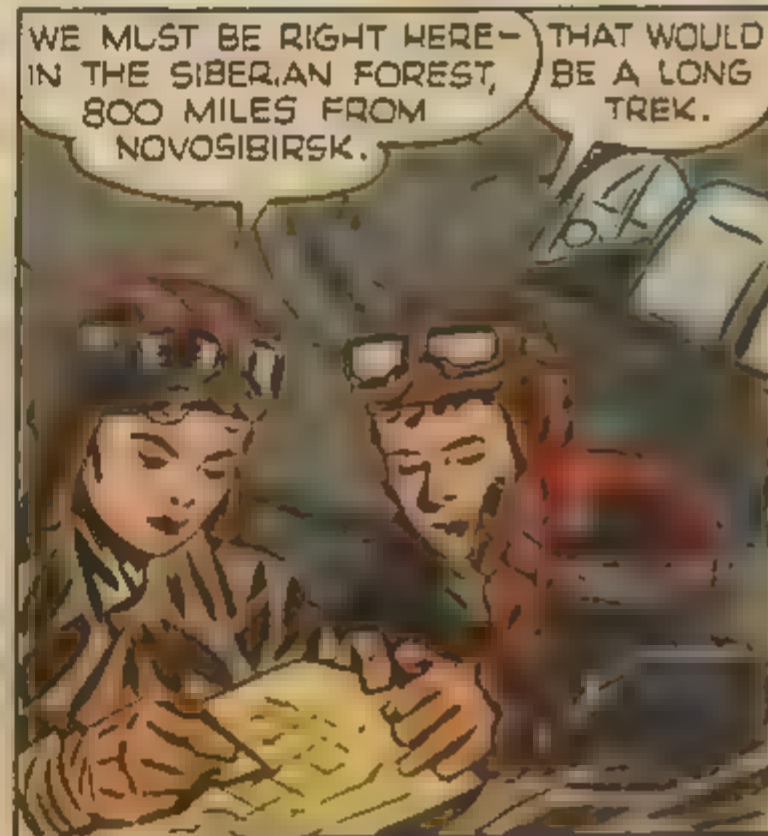
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MARINA?

I THINK SO. WE'RE CERTAINLY IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

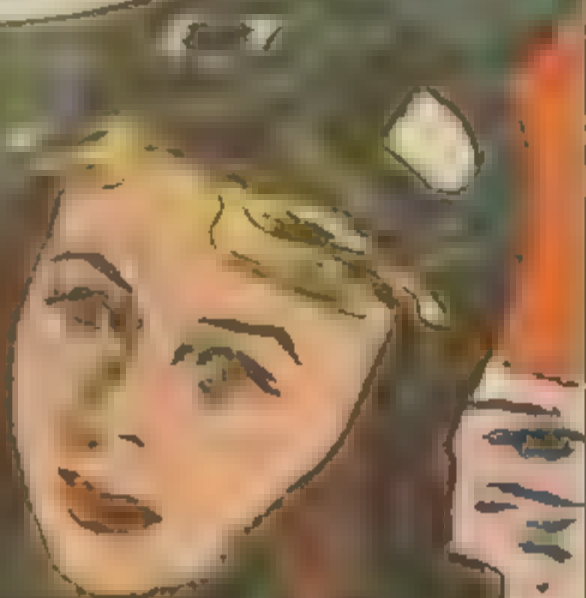


WE MUST BE RIGHT HERE—IN THE SIBERIAN FOREST, 800 MILES FROM NOVOSIBIRSK.

THAT WOULD BE A LONG TREK.



TREK! WE CAN'T EVEN THINK OF IT. IT'S 40° BELOW ZERO! ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR HELP. I'LL TRY TO MAKE RADIO CONTACT.



HOURS LATER...

I'VE CONTACTED NOVOSIBIRSK. A SKI-PLANE IS BEING SENT TO SEARCH FOR US.



BUT DAYS PASSED AND THE PLANE DID NOT APPEAR.

VALYA, A FIRE WON'T BURN IN THIS SNOW-STORM!

GIVE IT UP, MARINA. MAYBE HELP WILL COME SOON.



HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, PAULINA.

HOW NOT TO GET FAT!

VALYA... PAULA! LOOK! BEARS!



THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! I HOPE THEY DON'T COME BACK!

I'M HUNGRY!

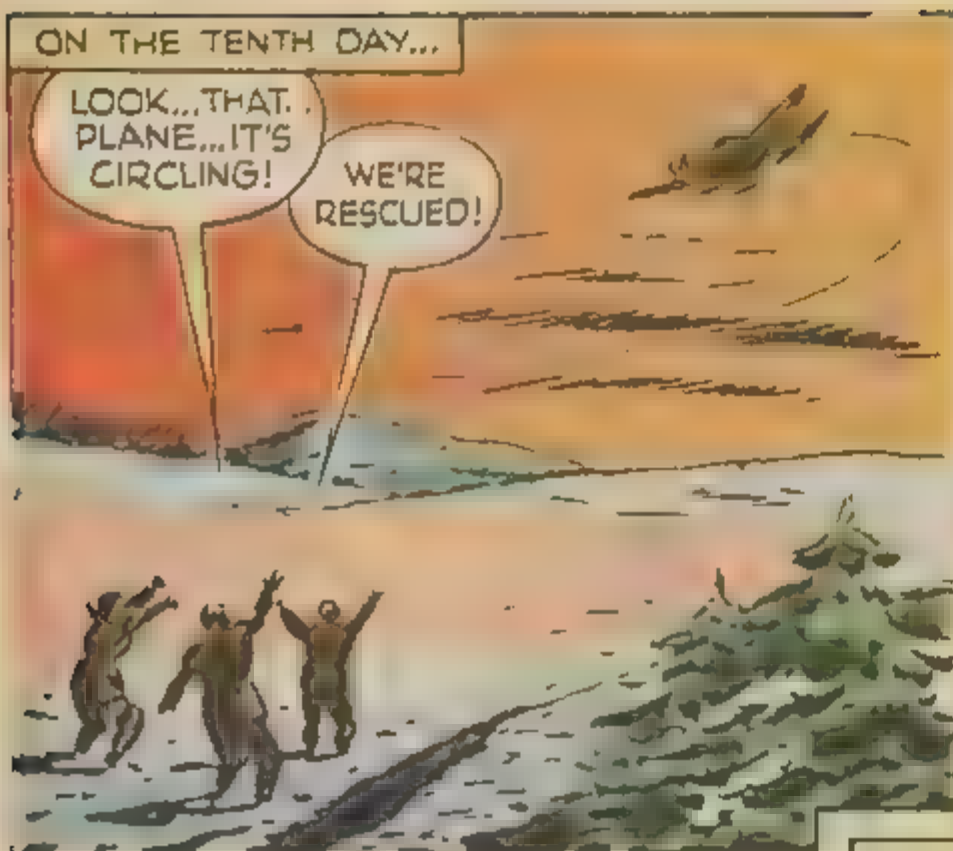
SO ARE THE BEARS. WHERE IS THAT PLANE?



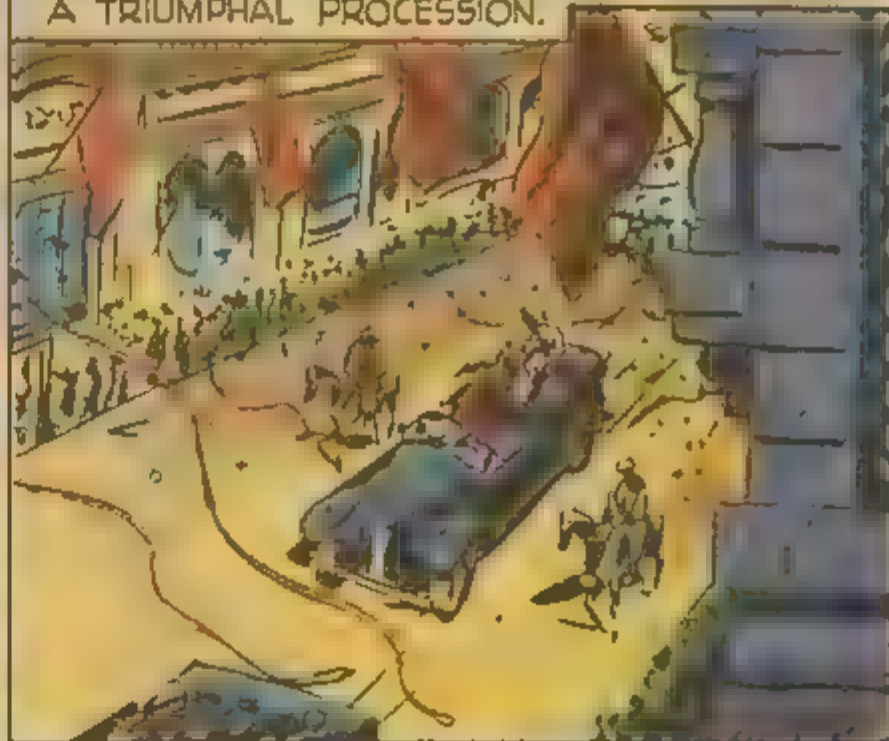
ON THE TENTH DAY...

LOOK...THAT PLANE...IT'S CIRCLING!

WE'RE RESCUED!



AND THEIR RETURN TO MOSCOW WAS RIGHTLY A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.



THEN CAME THE WAR AND VALYA OFFERED HER INVALUABLE EXPERIENCE TO THE AID OF HER COUNTRY

I AM PROUD TO BE GIVEN THIS POSITION AS HEAD OF THE AIR AMBULANCE CORPS!

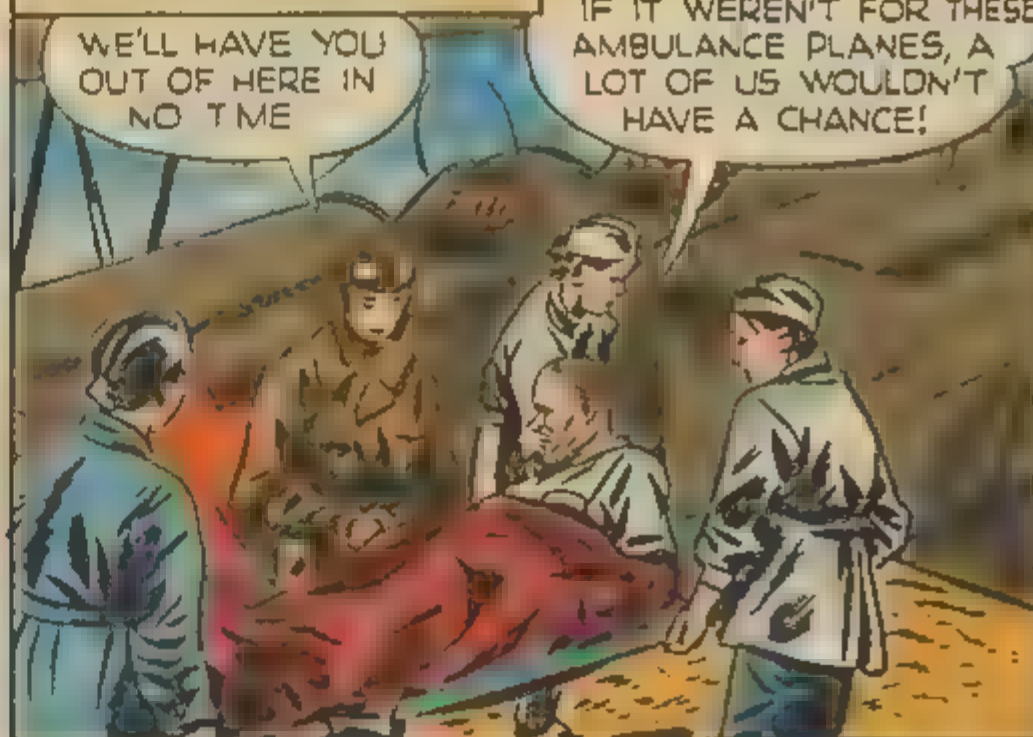
ALL RUSSIA IS PROUD AND GRATEFUL TO THE WOMEN LIKE YOU WHO ARE OFFERING THEIR SERVICES



NOW VALENTINA IS MAKING NEW RECORDS, EVACUATING THOUSANDS OF WOUNDED BY PLANE FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS TO BASE HOSPITAL.

WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE AMBULANCE PLANES, A LOT OF US WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!



AND ON THE TRIPS OUT TO GET THE WOUNDED, SHE CARRIES MEDICINES AND OTHER SUPPLIES.

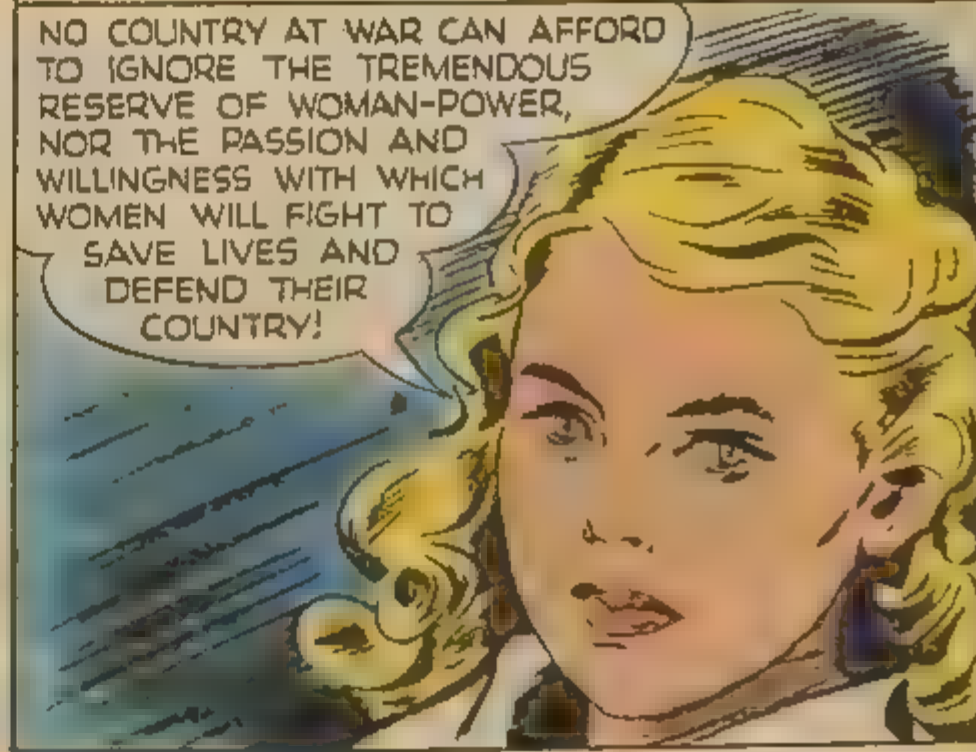
I'M ABOUT TO TAKE OFF. ANYTHING ELSE TO GO?

YES, THOSE CRATES OF MEDICINES FROM THE UNITED STATES.



VALENTINA IS ONE OF MANY NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED HEROINES OF THE SOVIET UNION.

NO COUNTRY AT WAR CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE THE TREMENDOUS RESERVE OF WOMAN-POWER, NOR THE PASSION AND WILLINGNESS WITH WHICH WOMEN WILL FIGHT TO SAVE LIVES AND DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY!



GIRL LOSES BOY... *Almost!*



When Bruce's attentions began to wander, Libby was sure it was time to make herself over and put up a fight

By ADELE DE LEEUW
Author of "Linda Marsh" and "Gay Design"

COMING out of the school auditorium, Libby saw Bruce Graham's sandy head rising above the others just ahead of her. She pushed through and caught up with him.

"Going to Meg's right after school?" she asked. Meg was having a committee meeting, and they were both members. Of course they'd walk up together. They always did everything together.

Bruce turned and looked down at her. She had the queer feeling that he wasn't really seeing her.

"Why—I don't think so," he said. And that wasn't like Bruce either. She cocked her head inquiringly. "Matter of fact, something else has come up."

He quickened his pace, and she hurried to keep up with him. He was gazing ahead, hunting for someone. Perhaps he didn't want her along. She dropped back, and he called over his shoulder, as if he were glad to be rid of her, "'Bye now. See you sometime."

Libby stopped in her tracks. "See you sometime." That wasn't Bruce at all. The Bruce she'd always known would have said, "See you Monday." Or "Be up after supper tonight." Or "Save tomorrow for the movies." Not this casual brush-off. There was something wrong. Things had changed ever since... But she shook her head. She wasn't going to be a green-eyed goon. Maybe she was just imagining the whole thing.

As she tried to convince herself of that, she saw Bruce lengthen his stride and overtake Sandra King; she saw him put his hand under her elbow and bend his head to her upturned face. They sauntered off toward chem class, and Libby went on leaden feet to history.

That was it, then. Sandra had

got Bruce, too. All the boys were fascinated by her—and what could you do against competition like that? Sandra had everything. She was new in town; she had come just after midyears, to live as ward of the Hetheringtons. She had lived abroad—in England and India—and talked of her old ayah who adored her, and white-turbaned house servants, and punkas, and saris. She spoke of her RAF father, and showed them pictures of her lovely, wistful-faced mother who had died when Sandra was ten.

And her clothes! The snazziest clothes you ever saw! Everything just right. And spun-gold hair and a rose-leaf complexion to set off the plainest sweater and make it something to stare at! Libby admitted that Sandra's voice did things to you. And she had a smile that the boys fell over themselves to try and bring out.

For a long time—oh, weeks now—Libby had felt Bruce deserting; but she didn't want to admit it. Why, she and Bruce were—well, there wasn't any fun in the world unless Bruce had a part in it. He'd moved in down the street when she was in the first grade, and they'd played together in Bruce's big back yard and in Libby's sand pile; they'd walked to school together, and shared their lunches; he'd given a black eye to a boy who pulled her pigtails, and sent her valentines, and taken her to her first dance. He'd taught her to swim, and talked to her like

a Dutch uncle until she developed a decent backhand in tennis, and let her tag along to the scrub baseball team. When he was made halfback on the football eleven she'd yelled herself hoarse for him, and he always sent her a wave from the bench before the game started. That's the way things had always been, and were until Sandra began pulling the boys around her.

When she went to Meg's house, Libby was still wondering what she could do about it. It was different with the other girls—they'd gone around with half a dozen boys. But Bruce was—well, Bruce. They talked things over, and argued and fought and made up. Bruce was special.

Meg cried, "Snap out of it, Libby, and come across with a bright idea. Who'll we get for decorations, for Pete's sake?"

The name was in Libby's mind and she said it without thinking. "Sandra."

Once it was out, she knew it was a good suggestion. If anybody could decorate that old barn, Sandra could.

"Not bad at that," Meg nodded. "She can get her own committee together, and I'll bet it will be a masculine one. Bruce isn't coming today, is he?" she demanded of the crowd, taking care not to look at Libby.

"No, I saw him and Sandra making for the Palace. Claudette Colbert's on, you know, and some travel thing about India." Dot volunteered that.

So that's where they were going. Libby had wanted ter-

ribly to see Colbert; she was a favorite, and Bruce thought she was solid.

"I'll put him on tickets, then, before he gets hooked for decorations," Meg said, in a businesslike voice. She was doing that for Libby, and Libby's face felt hot. She was glad, though, that nobody said anything to her directly.

Once in her own room, Libby leaned close to the mirror and peered at herself from all angles. Maybe she could make herself over somewhat, if that was what Bruce liked. But, gosh, there certainly wasn't much to work with. Her nose was definitely on the pug side, and her mouth was wide, and her eyes a light brown. Her hair was pretty good—nut brown and glossy. She tried fixing it like Sandra's; the effect was a little startling but that was probably because she'd been used to bangs for so long. She practiced lifting her brows slowly, the way Sandra did to show surprise and interest, and kept her voice low and a little husky, and smiled

slowly at her own reflection.

Her clothes made her frown—that old plaid skirt was due for salvage, and her sweaters were pretty tacky. If her mother'd let her go ahead on next month's allowance, she might brighten up her wardrobe with something really eye-catching. She made a mental note to study Sandra's outfits more closely, and come as near to them as she could. But Sandra didn't have to bother

with allowances. The Hetheringtons were wealthy and saw that she was supplied with everything; they showered gifts on her. She always had the latest in scarves and she

knew how to pick lapel gadgets and costume jewelry. But all that, Libby admitted ruefully, ran into money. And hers was going into War Stamps.

Only—this was a special problem. She couldn't just sit back and watch Bruce walking off without lifting her finger, could she? What if he never cared whether he saw her again or not? If he didn't take her to the Junior Hop, or the island picnic? Her heart did a dull flip-flop down to her shoes. Such a thing had never occurred to her before. But now she recognized it as a horrid possibility.

It wasn't just looks and clothes, though, Libby thought miserably. There was something else; and she couldn't place it. Until they were working on the dance, and then she saw what it was. Sandra had four boys on her committee; she sat in a chair near the stage and directed them. And they were running all over the place, climbing ladders, festooning the balcony, draping the windows. They worked like beavers and she didn't lift a finger. Libby stopped and stared. She'd been running herself ragged on refreshments. She'd always thought it fun. She and

Bruce used to skate around, when they were on some project together, trying to see who could get the most done. But Sandra didn't work that way.

And when she was ready to go, one of the boys held her coat for her, another picked up the bag she left on the chair. Libby waited, fascinated, as Sandra crossed the room toward the door. When she reached it she just stood there, calmly waiting, and one of the boys leaped forward and opened it for her. Libby was

open-mouthed! So that was it! That was the technique, was it? Bruce hadn't asked her to the

(Continued on page 30)

It wasn't just looks and clothes, Libby thought. There was something else. She couldn't place it.

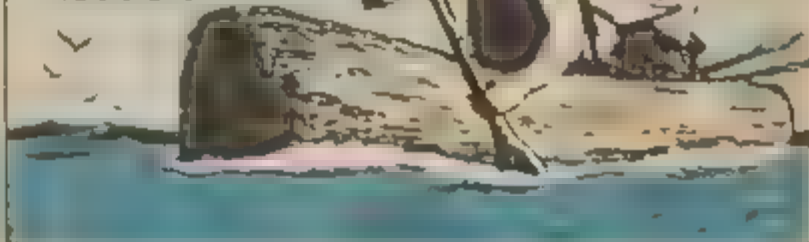
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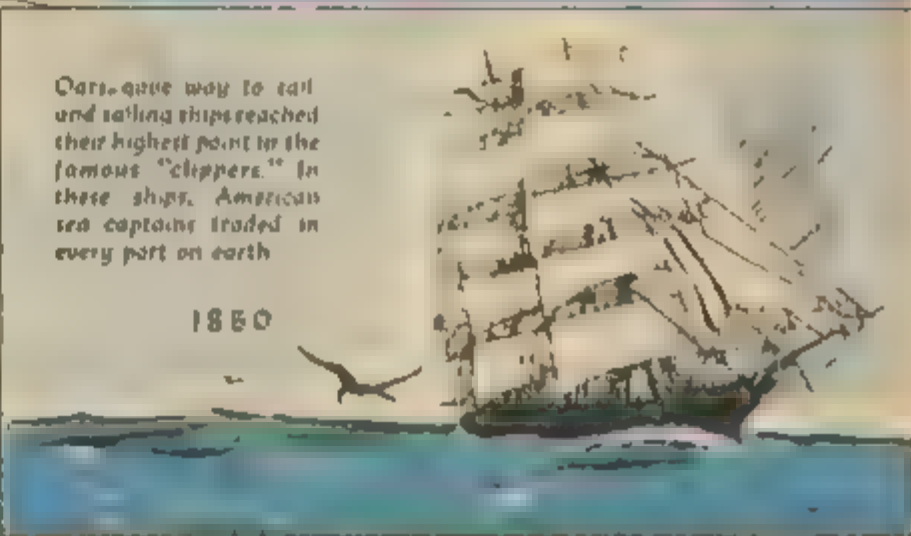
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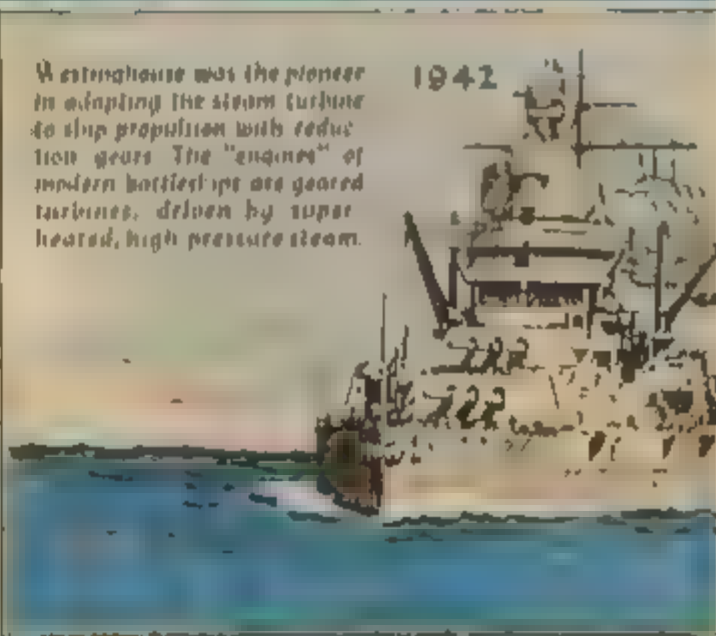
With better steam engines, ships could be larger and faster. By the time of the Spanish-American war, we had heavily-armed battleships weighing several thousand tons.

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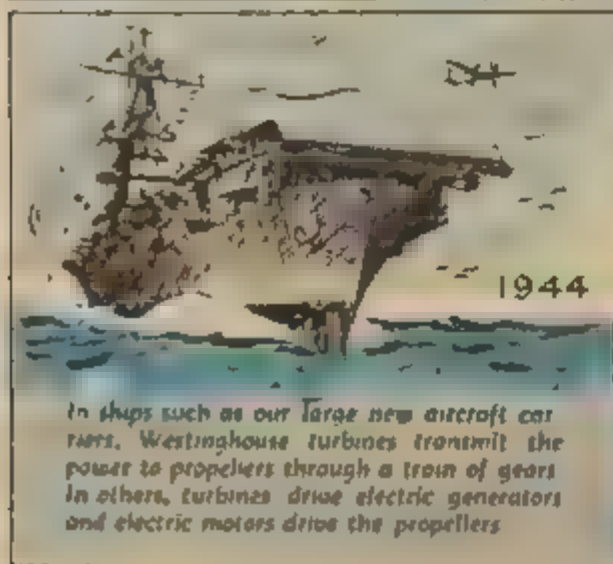


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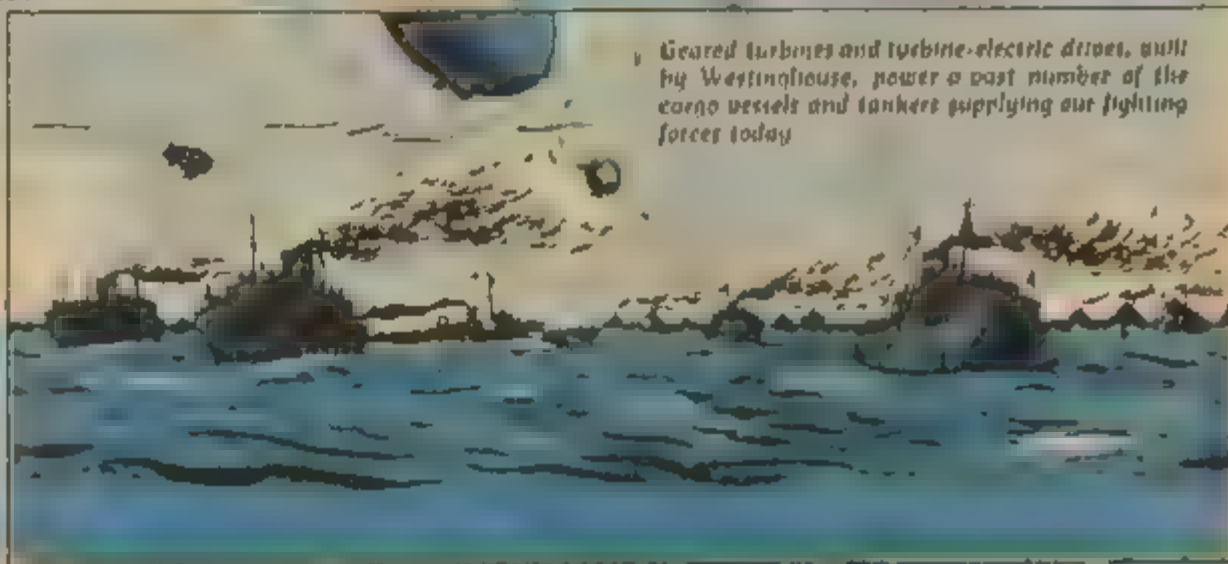


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GIRL LOSES BOY . . . ALMOST!

(Continued from page 28)

hop. At first she felt as if she didn't care whether she went or not, but of course she had to be there. Refreshments were her job, and she couldn't fall down on it. Sandra's job was all done. The hall looked lovely, and she hadn't so much as lifted a tack.

The night of the hop, Bruce danced twice with Libby. She had on a new formal and her new hair-do. When Bruce didn't say anything she asked in spite of herself, "Well, like my wig?"

He looked down at her quizzically. She could tell he was just seeing it for the first time.

"Can't say I like it," he admitted candidly. "What's the matter with the way you always wore it?"

She would have bitten out her tongue before she'd have told him why she was wearing it this way. She lifted her eyebrows, and smiled slowly.

"What's the idea?" Bruce demanded, with brutal frankness. "Trying to be a glamour girl?"

It got worse as the weeks wore into June, and it was almost time for the island picnic. Libby saw Bruce only on the fly now; he'd call to her occasionally, sounding casual and noncommittal; and once or twice he stopped in, but only for a few minutes and then mostly on some business connected with the class. He was taking Sandra to the picnic, but Libby expected that. She told Greg she'd go with him, and Greg was pleased; but that didn't make her feel any better.

The day of the picnic was hot and sticky. Even by nine o'clock, while she was corraling sandwiches and seeing to ice-cream freezers, and boxing cookies, she felt damp and fretful. Her blouse clung to her back and her hair had a will of its own. Fortunately everybody at the dock looked about the

same. And then Sandra drove up in the Hetherington's car, her blonde hair smooth, her skin dry, her green dress crisp and cool-looking. She laughed at their complaints.

"You should have been brought up in India!" she said.

In the act of climbing into Greg's rowboat, Libby looked around and saw Sandra holding out her hand to Bruce. He took it, helped her in gently and while she waited, arranged a cushion and a rug on the seat before she sat down.

"That's what I should have done!" Libby told herself. "But I'll learn. I will!"

The lake was oily smooth, and a haze hung over the shore. Greg kept up a continual chatter, and Libby was glad; it saved her from a lot of thinking. She pushed back her damp hair with a moist hand and wished the day were over. And that was a horrible thing to wish, because the island picnic was an extra-special affair.

The heat grew more oppressive with every hour, and Greg, casting a weather eye heavenward, said glumly, "I bet we have a storm before we're ready to eat! What a break!"

They made the rowboats fast at the rickety wharf on the island, the boys carried the hampers of food to the grove, and the girls trailed along with cushions and records.

There were all the makings of a glorious time, but some-



Bruce was bending over her, his voice hoarse and anxious.

now it didn't work out. It was an unseasonably hot and muggy day and they were sleepy and snappish. The fire was smoky; the hamburgers burned. And then suddenly the trees began to toss at the top; a hot wind fanned their faces. They looked up, a little startled, and saw black clouds piling up with silent swiftness.

"We'd better beat it." Bruce leaped to his feet. "The lake gets choppy in the wind. And wasn't that lightning? Yep, it's thundering. Let's get going."

They stamped out the fire, gathered boxes and belongings together, and ran pell-mell for the dock. The lake was already whipped to waves.

"It's gone!" Greg yelled. "Somebody took my boat!"

"You didn't tie it right, that's what," Bruce told him. "You always did think any old knot would do. You'd better go in with George and Stella, and you, Libby, come in with us."

Sandra was holding her hands over her ears while a long peal of thunder rumbled angrily across the sky.

"I'm terrified!" she said, and she looked it.

"Hop in," Bruce ordered. He untied the boat and got into place. Sandra crouched on the thwart, and when a streak of lightning darted zigzag into the water she suddenly leaped up, crying out.

"Sit down!" Bruce bellowed. "Want to upset us?"

"I hate it!" Sandra moaned.

"Nothing to be afraid of. Look at Libby. She's not afraid. Are you, Libby?"

Libby said woodenly, "Me? No, I'm not afraid of anything."

Sandra started every time the thunder rolled. Suddenly at a particularly sharp crack, she got up and stumbled toward Bruce. Libby reached out to tug her back, but it was too late. The boat overturned, and they were all flung into the water.

Sandra's cry was bloodcurdling before she disappeared under the water. In the dimness Libby could make out Bruce's lean figure swimming madly toward the spot where Sandra had gone under. When

she came to the surface he grabbed her arms, locked them around his neck and headed toward shore.

"Keep your head down and swim," he yelled to Libby.

Libby gulped back a sob and swam. Bruce didn't care what happened to her. He was saving Sandra.

After an endless time she pulled herself up on shore and lay there, panting and exhausted. She'd never swum like that before—so far, and with clothes on—and she ought to be proud. But she was only tired, and ready to burst into tears. She saw Bruce staggering up with Sandra in his arms, and she rolled over on her side and hid her face.

In a moment Bruce was bending over her. "Libby," his voice was hoarse and anxious. "Libby, you all right?"

"Yes," she said bleakly. "Go on back. Sandra . . ."

"She's resting. I had to save her, Libby, because she can't swim. But you can. You did a

swell job, Libby. I'm proud of what I taught you." He took her wrists and chafed them briskly. "You'll be okay in a couple of minutes. Gosh, Sandra made a mess of it."

Libby said honestly, "She was scared, Bruce. She couldn't help it."

"I know." He nodded. "That's the way she is. I've had enough of it."

"But I thought . . ." she began, wonderingly.

"Sure, you thought I was like all the rest. Well, she was new, and sort of different, and I had to find out what she was like. But now I know, and I'm going back to my original choice. Why, that girl can't do anything except get others to do things for her. I like girls—a girl," he amended, "a girl you can share things with. Like you." She felt, rather than saw, his smile. "Don't ever change, Libby."

"I won't," she said happily. "I guess—I guess I couldn't, anyhow, even if I tried."

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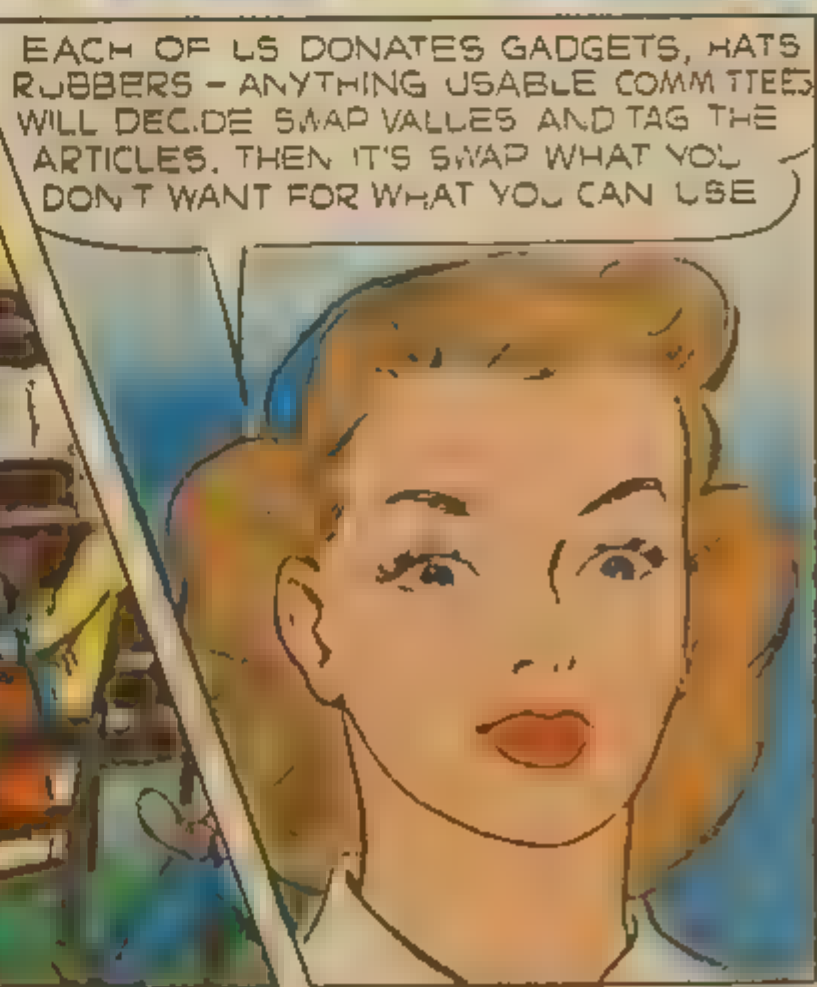
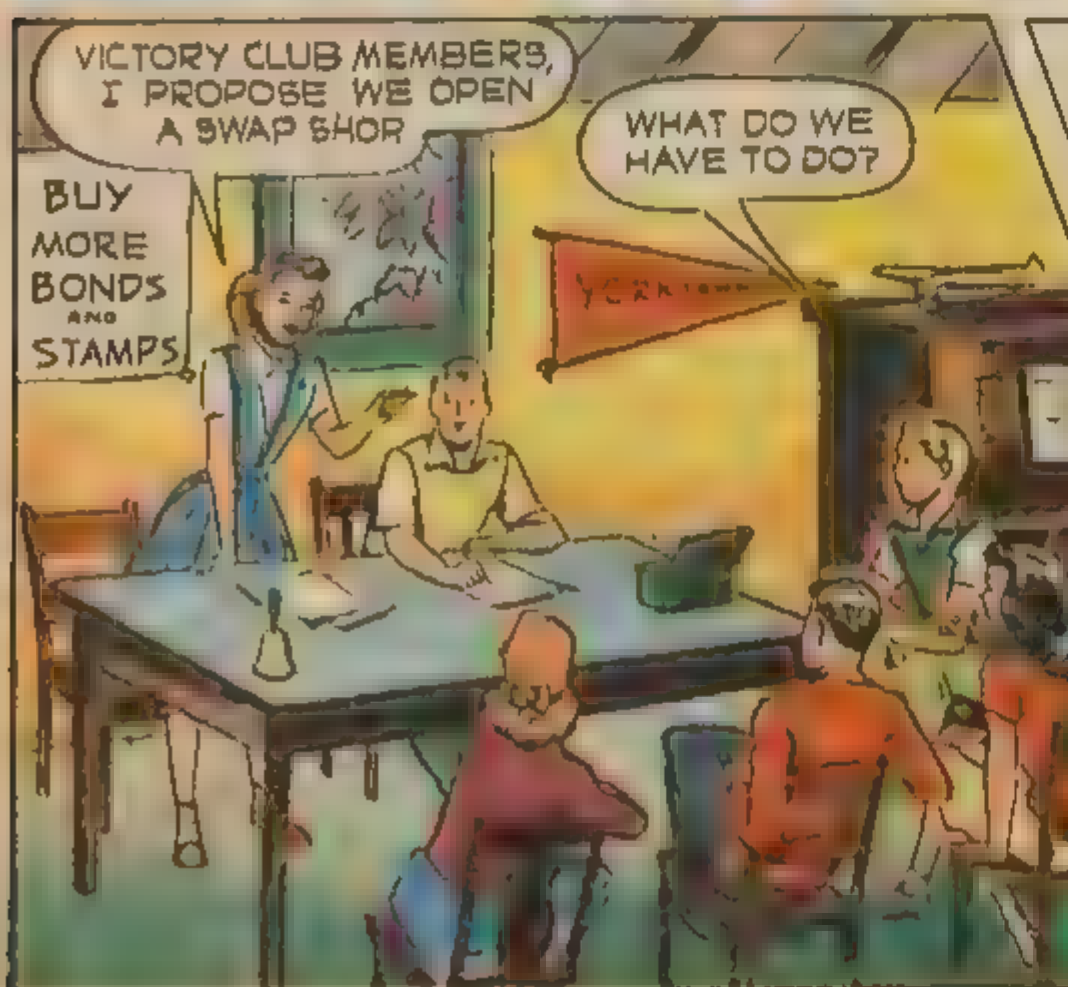
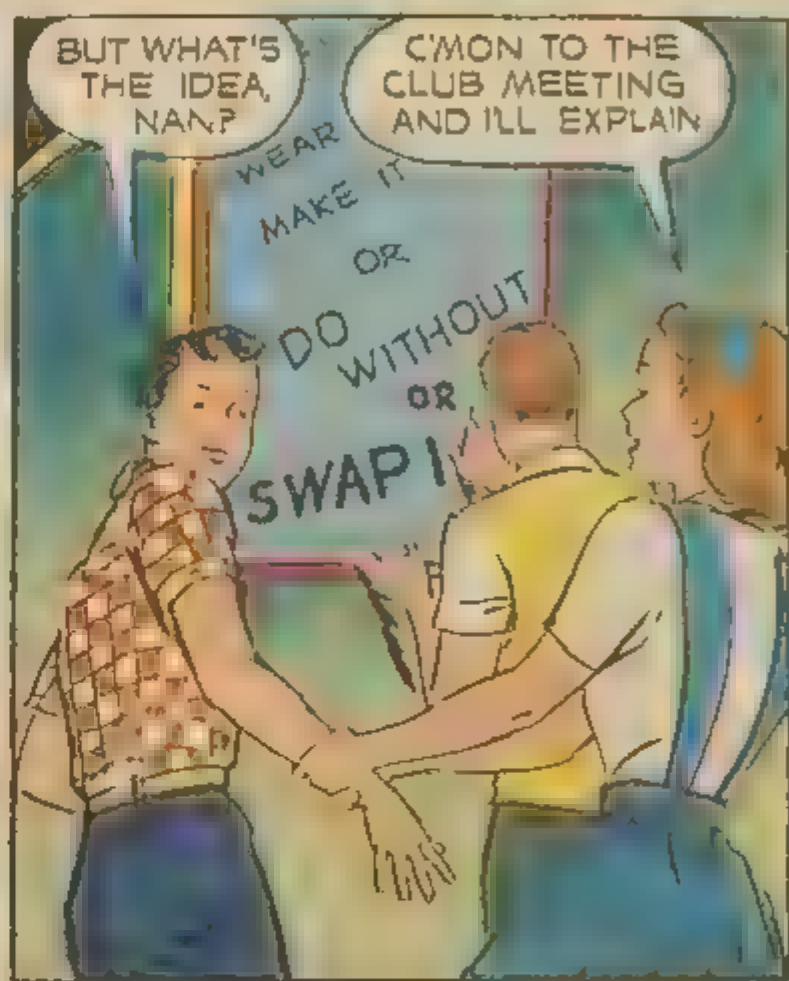
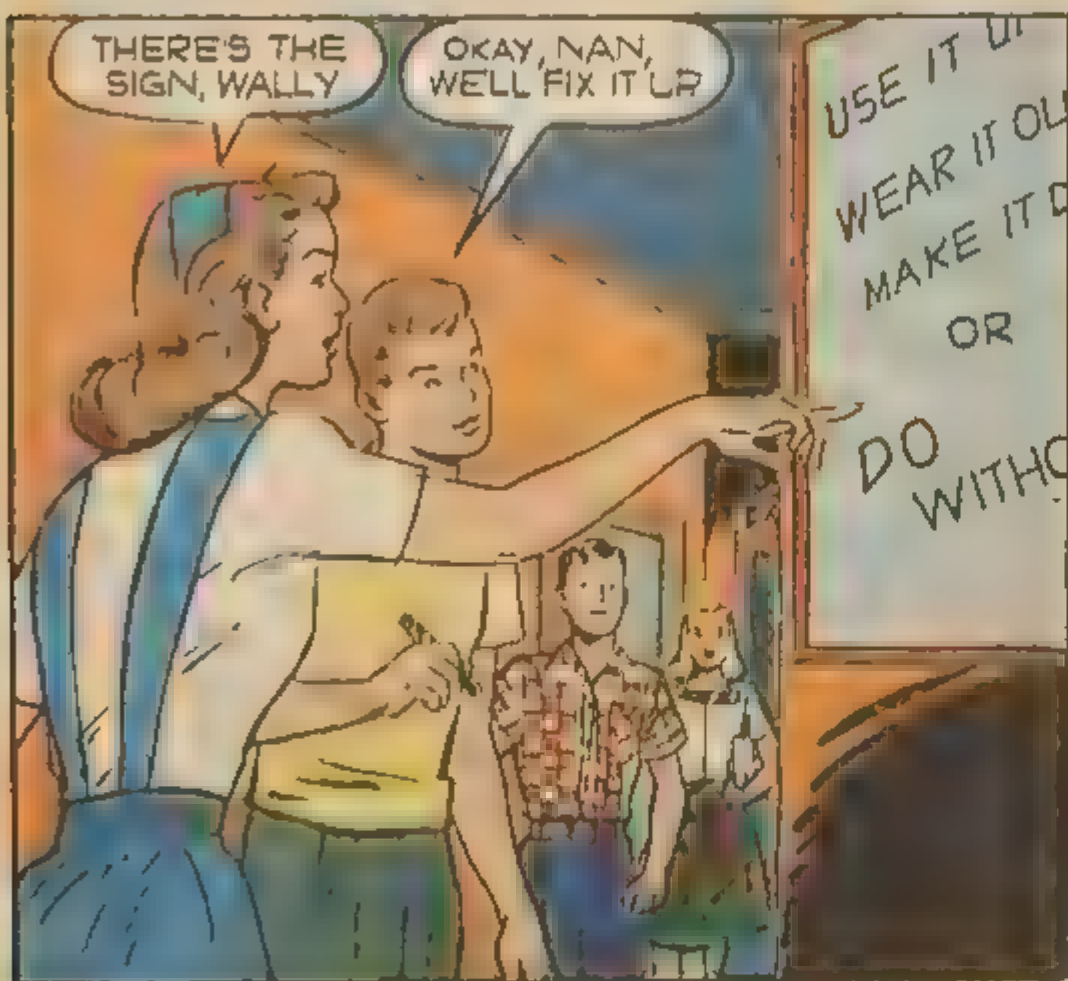
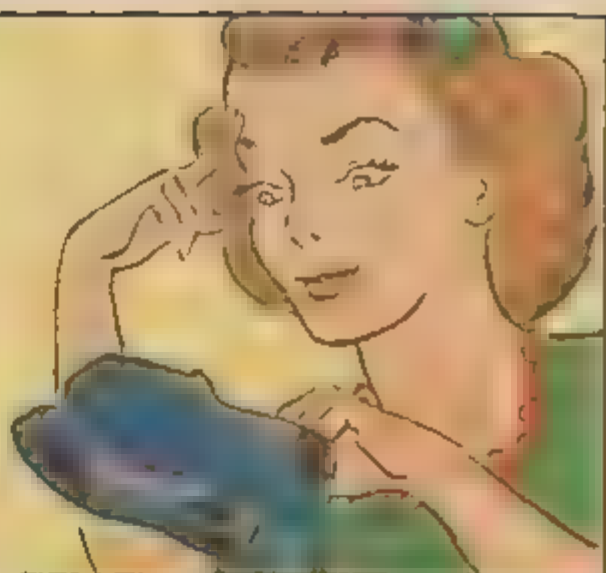
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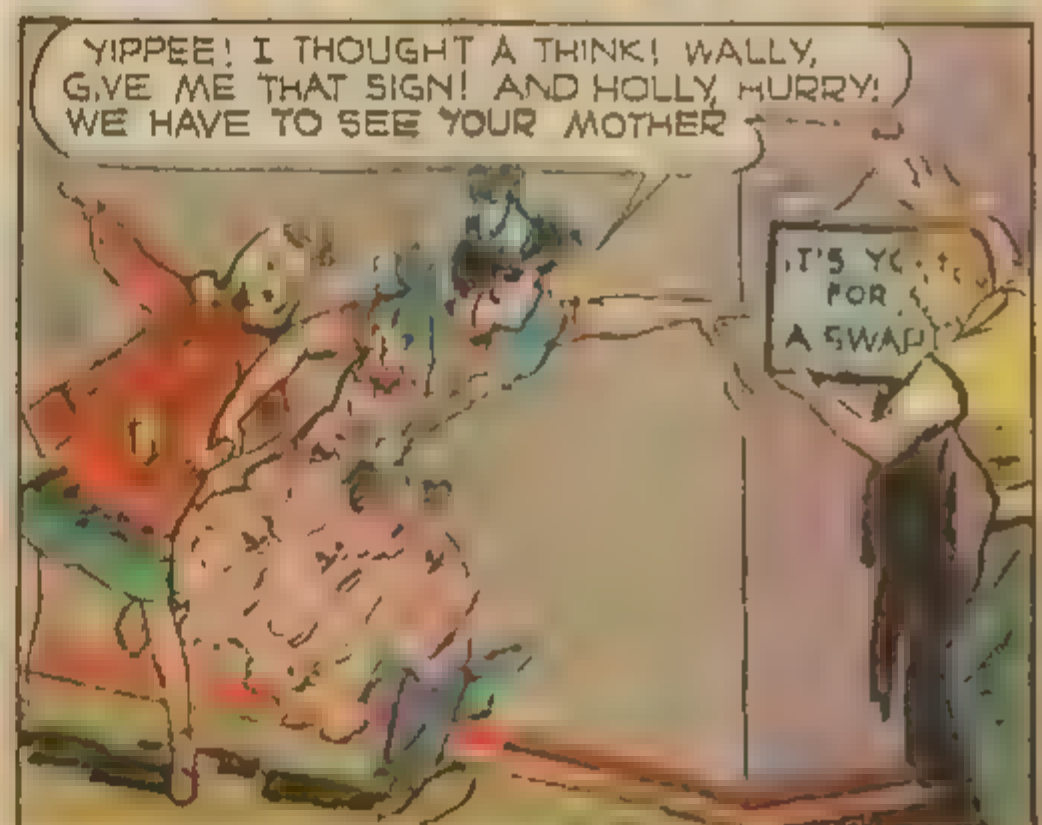
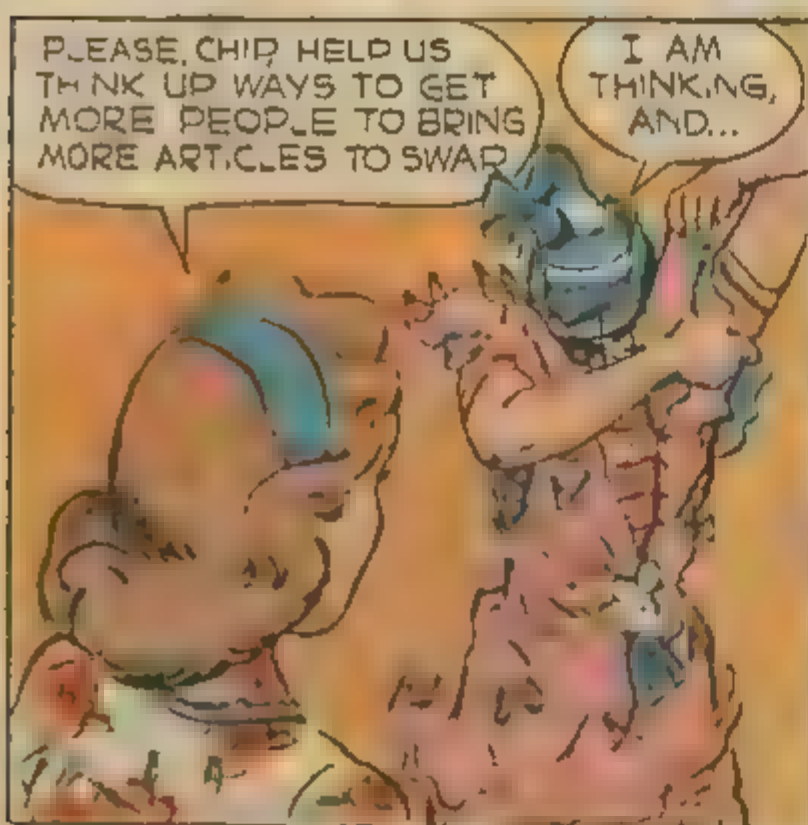
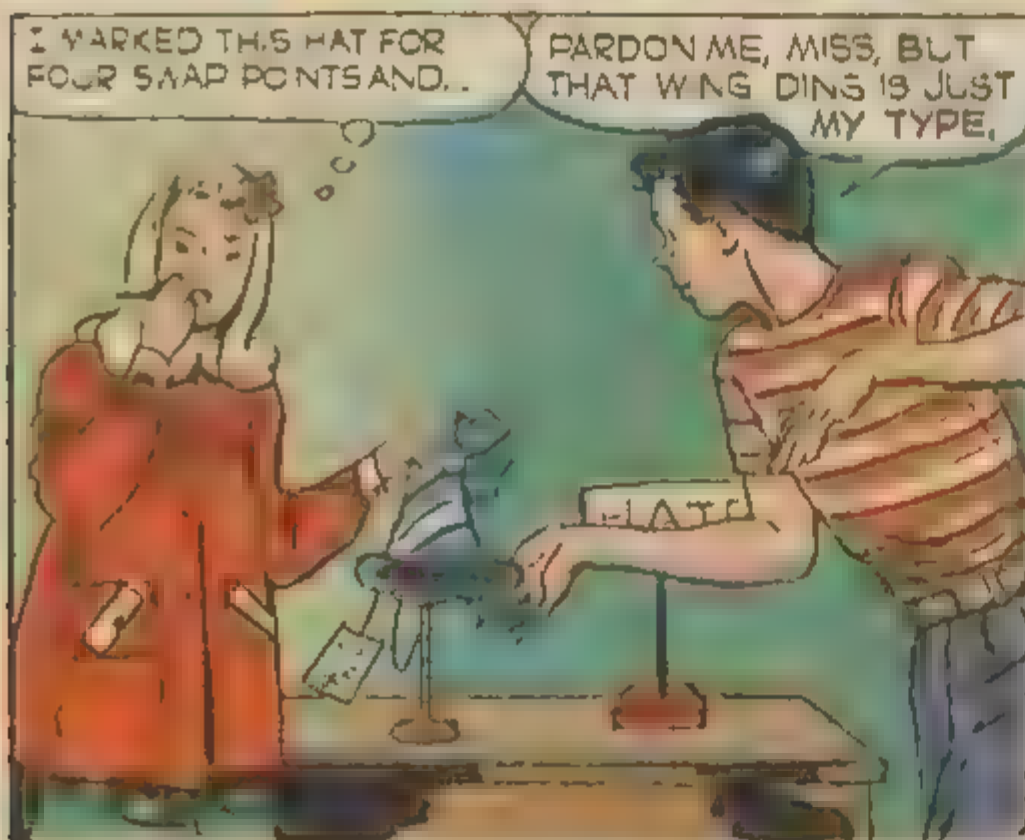
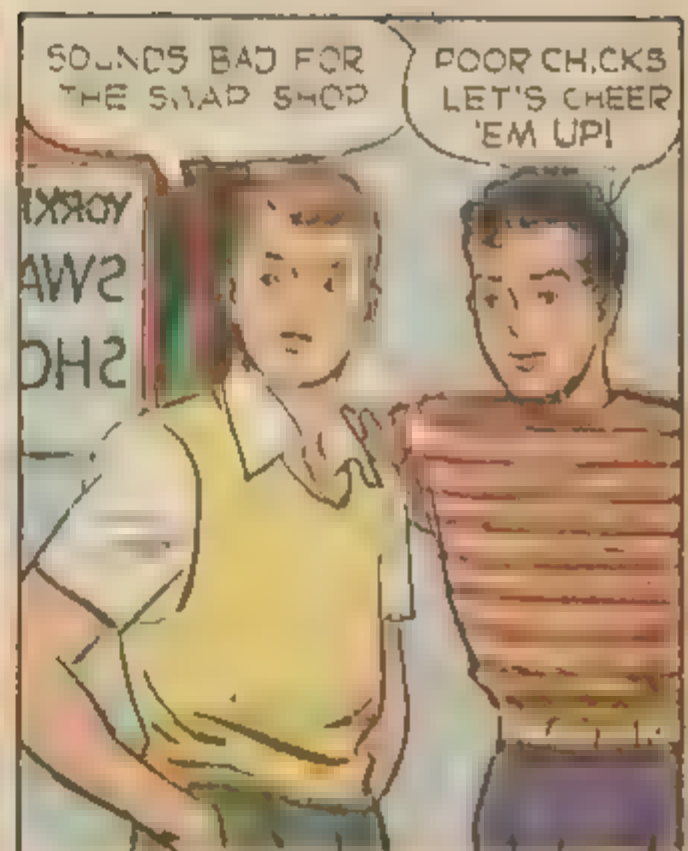
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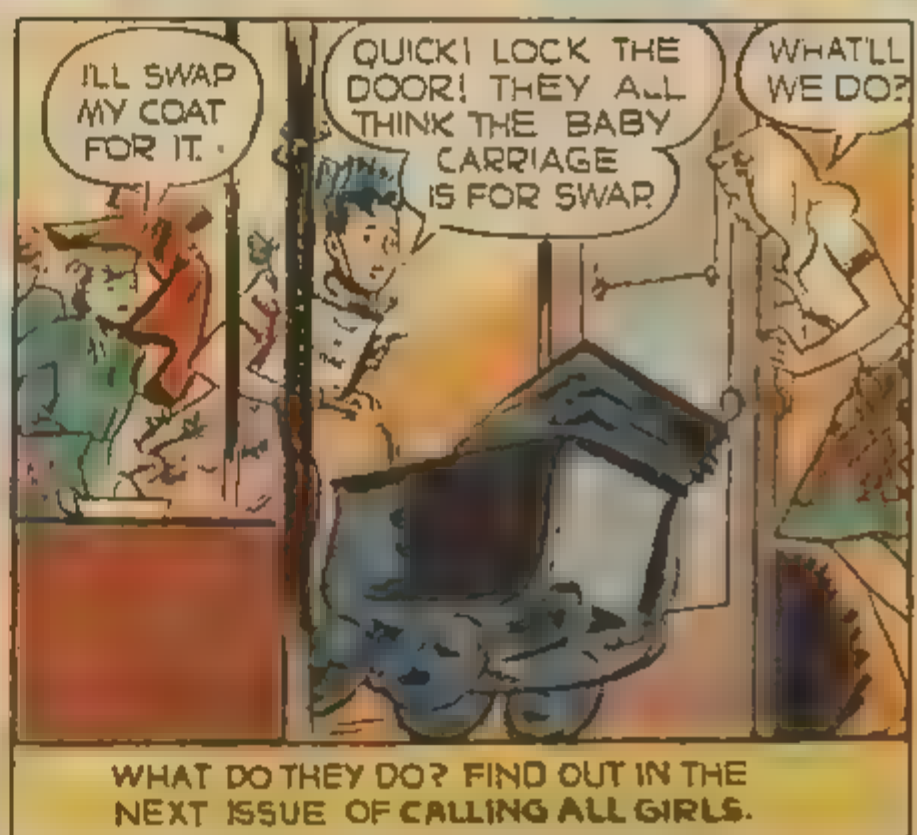
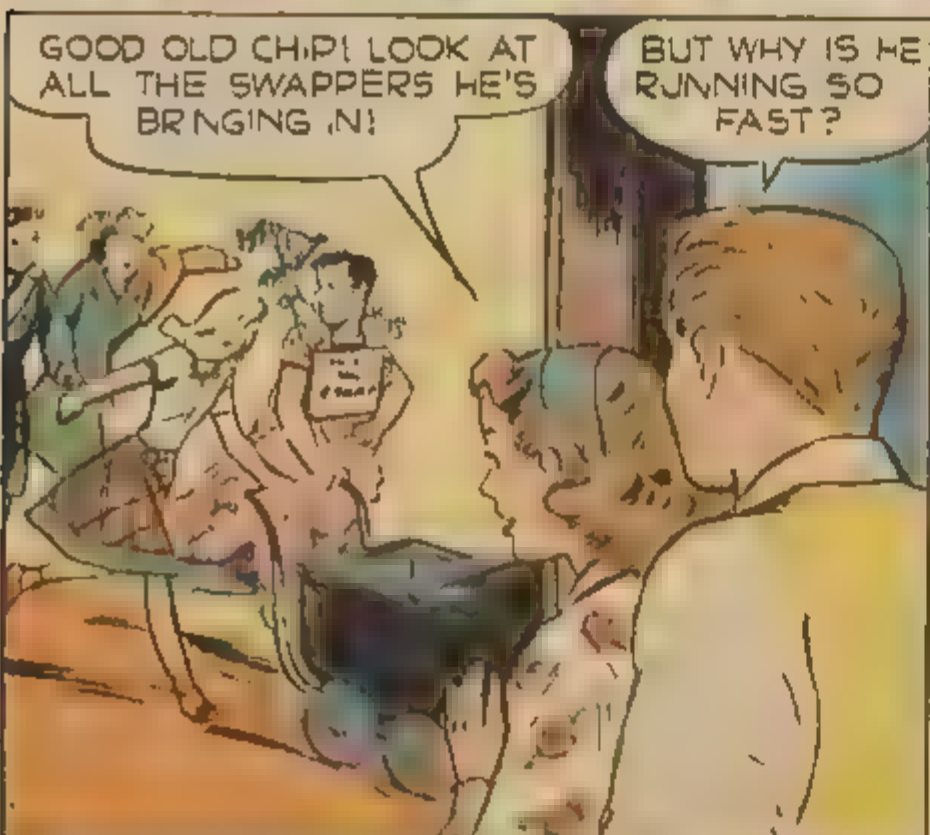
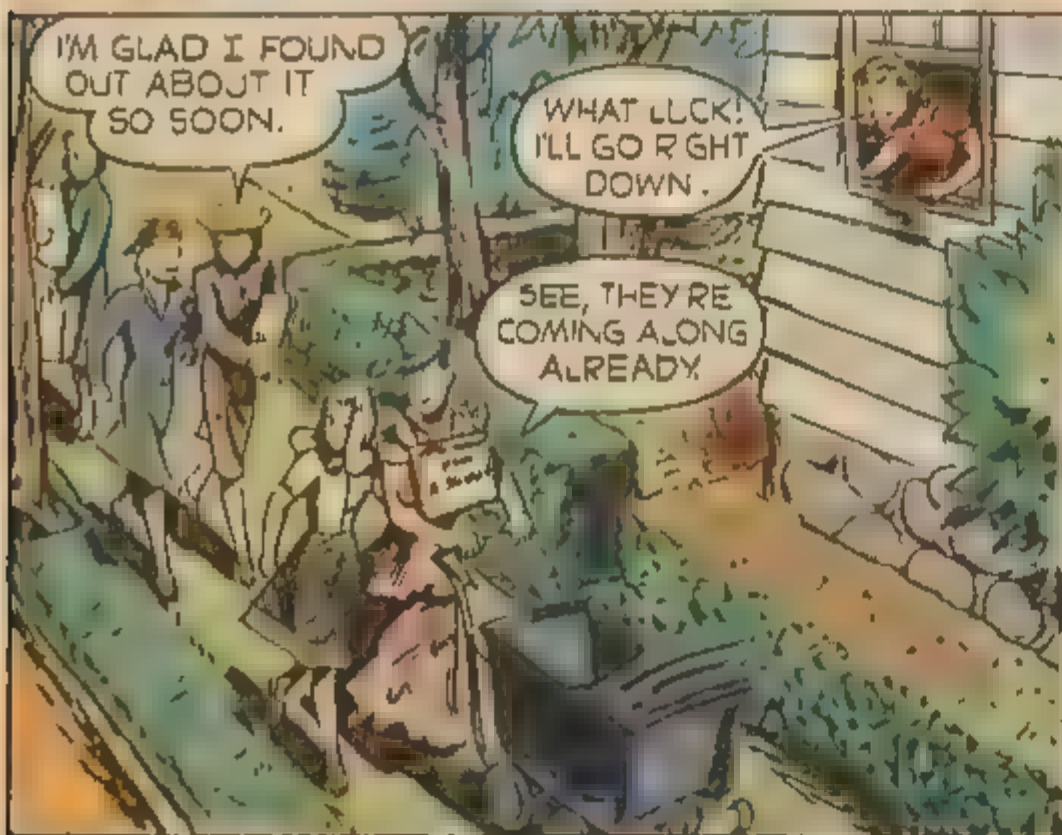
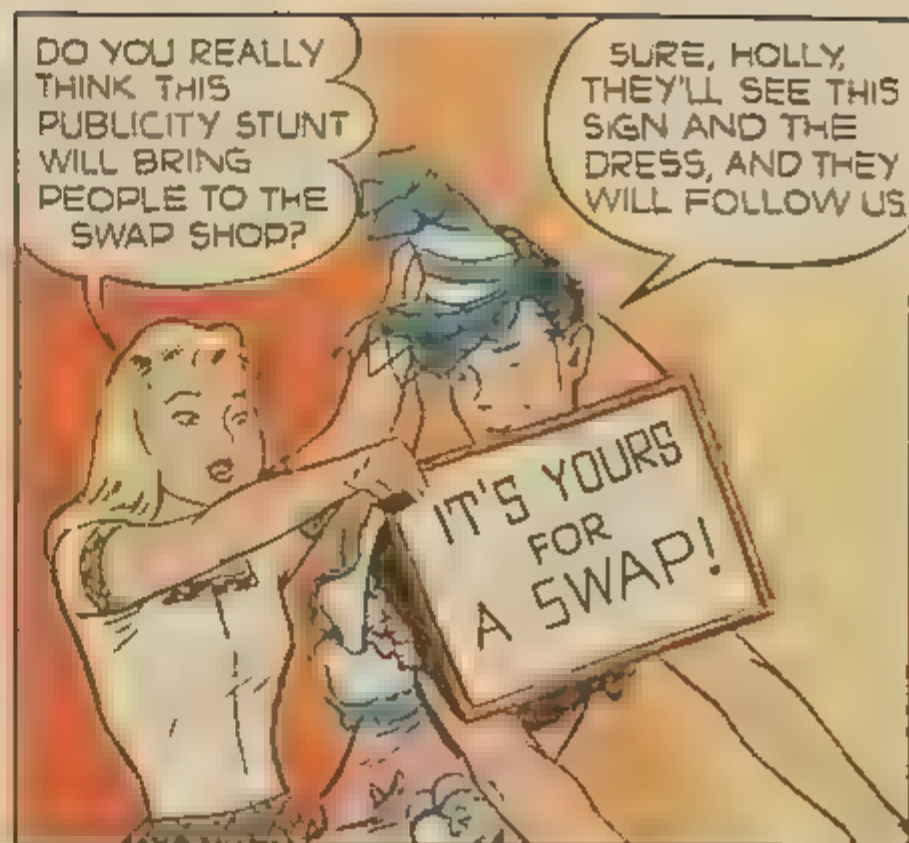
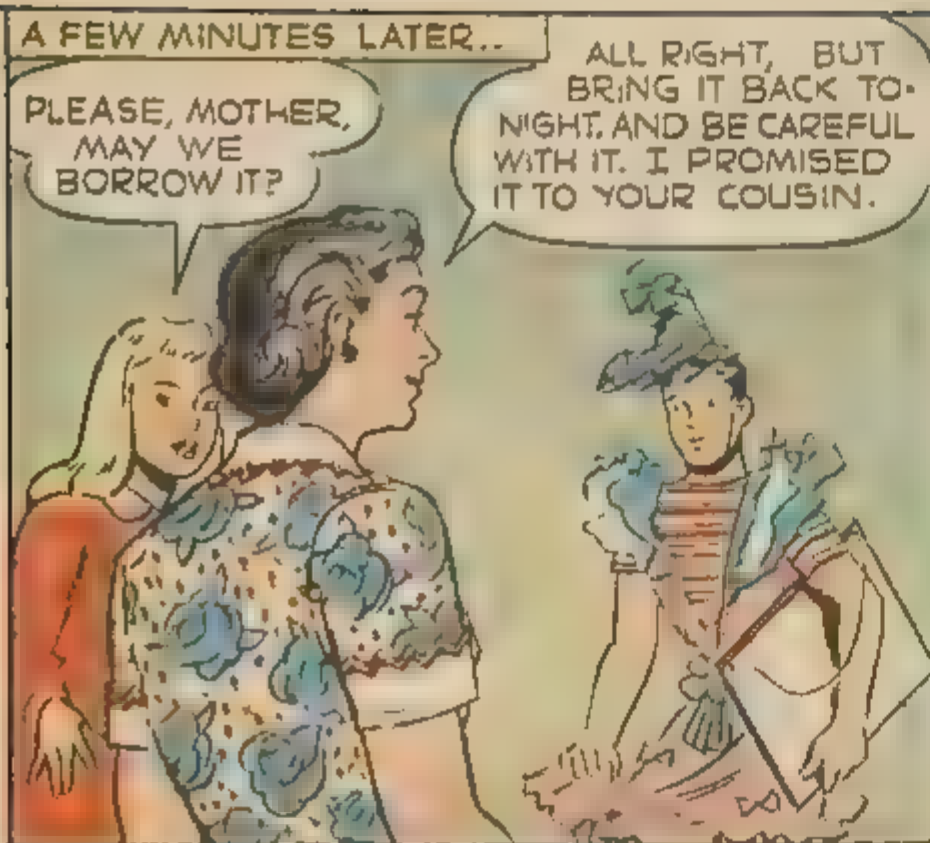
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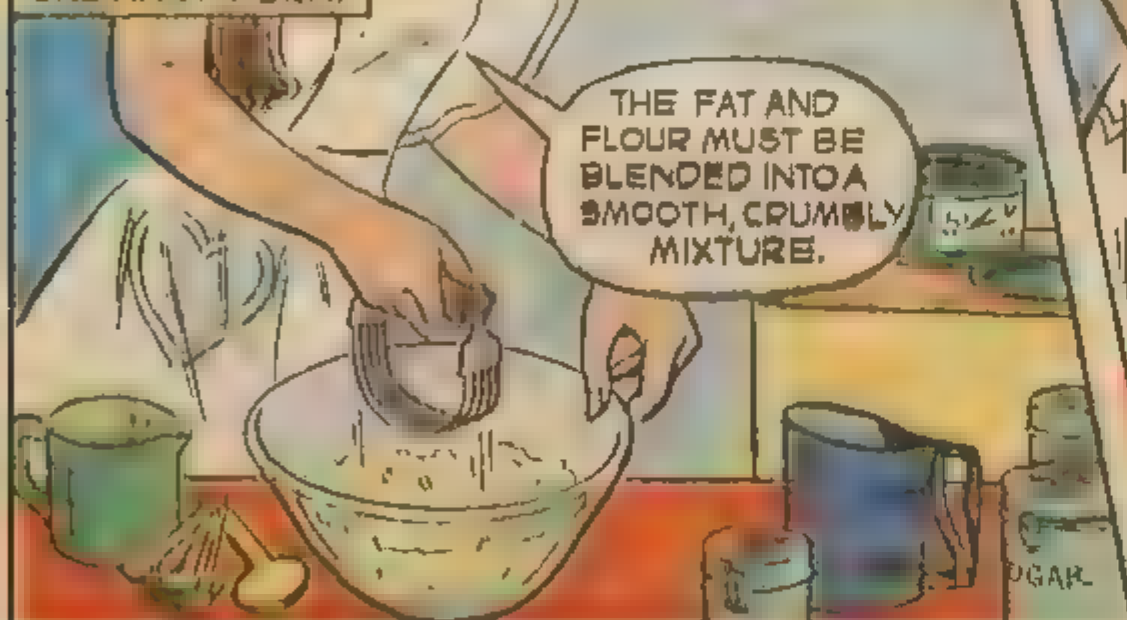
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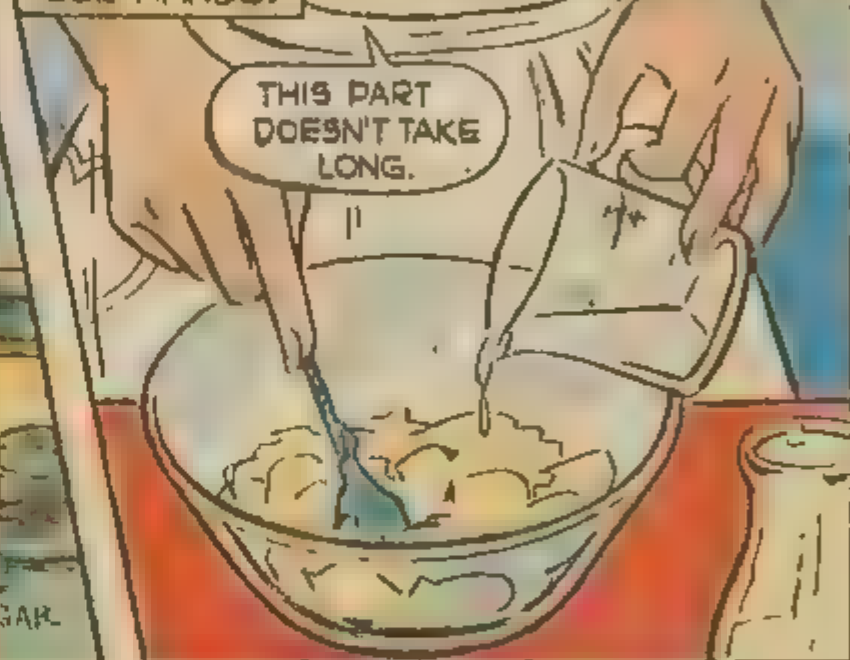


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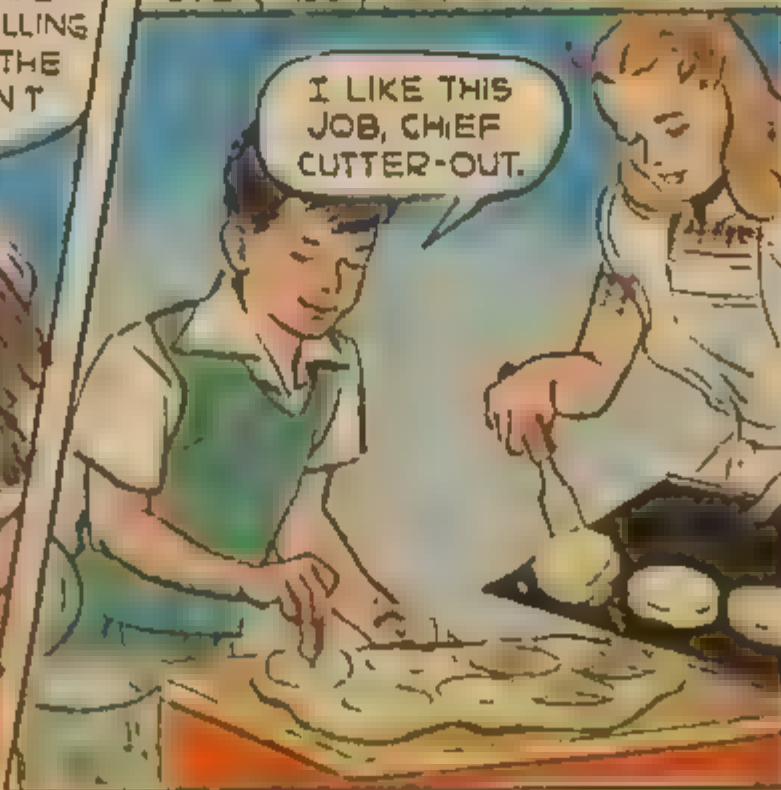
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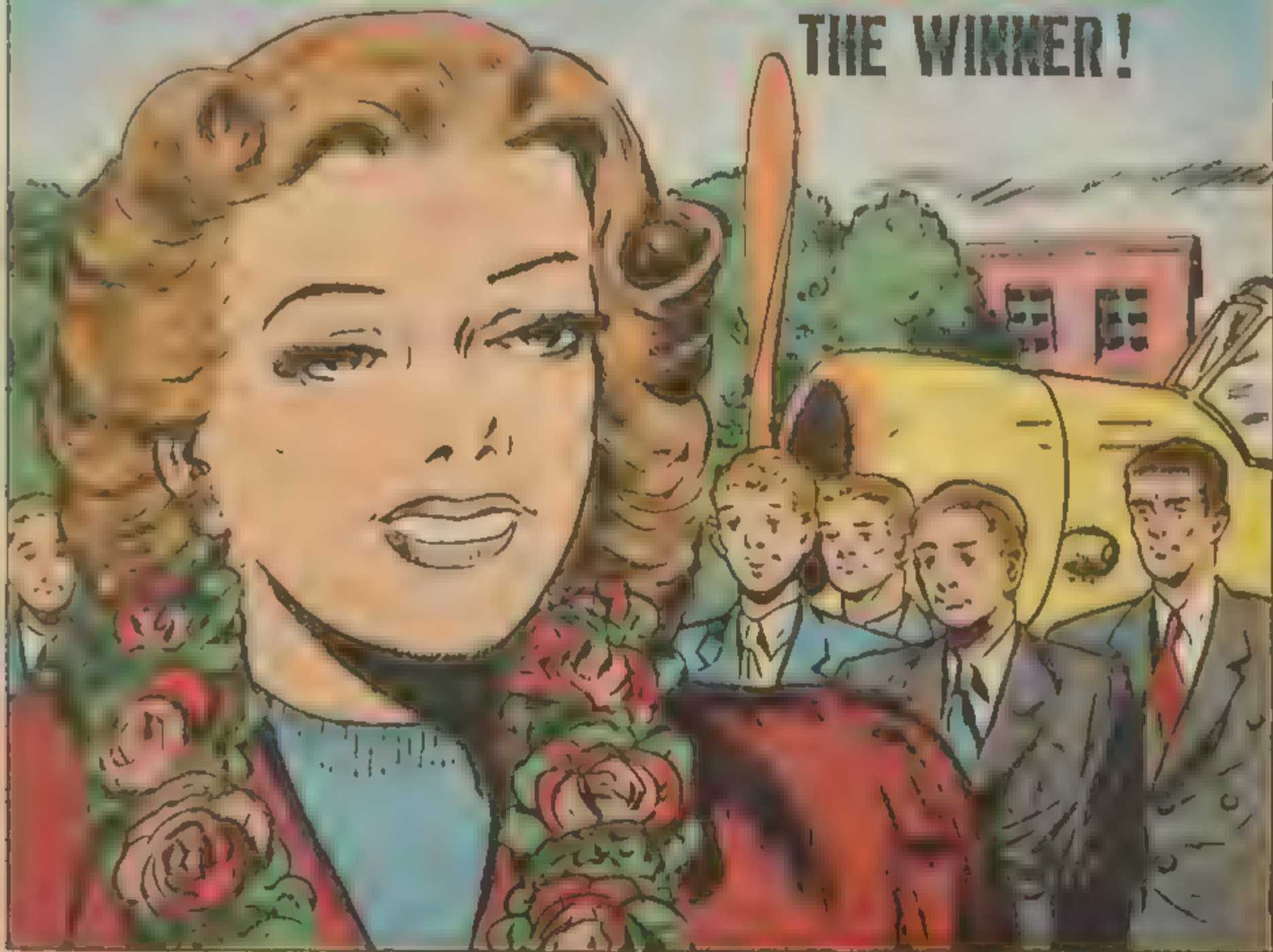
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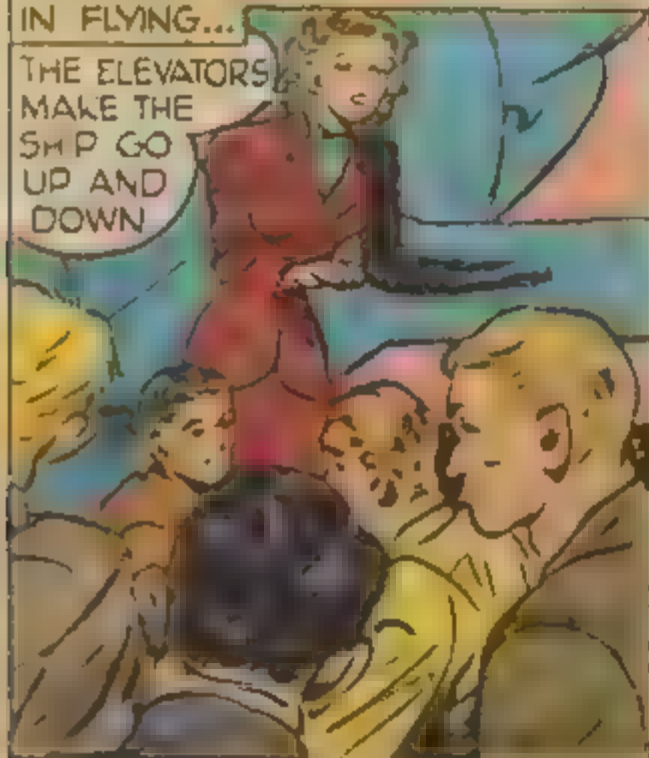
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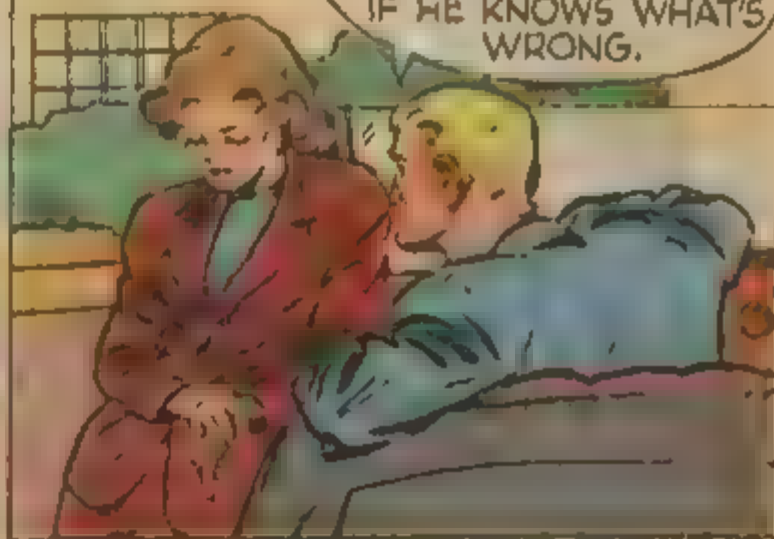


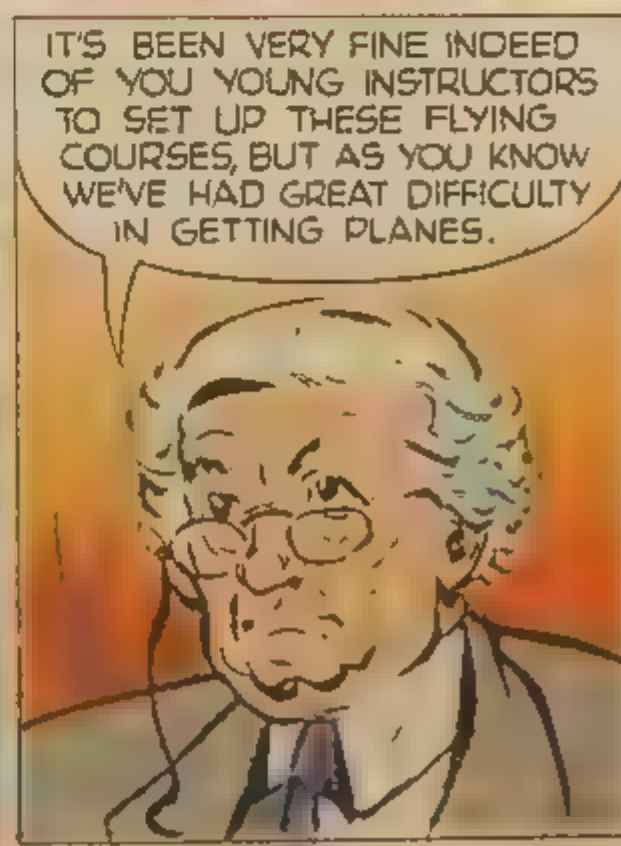
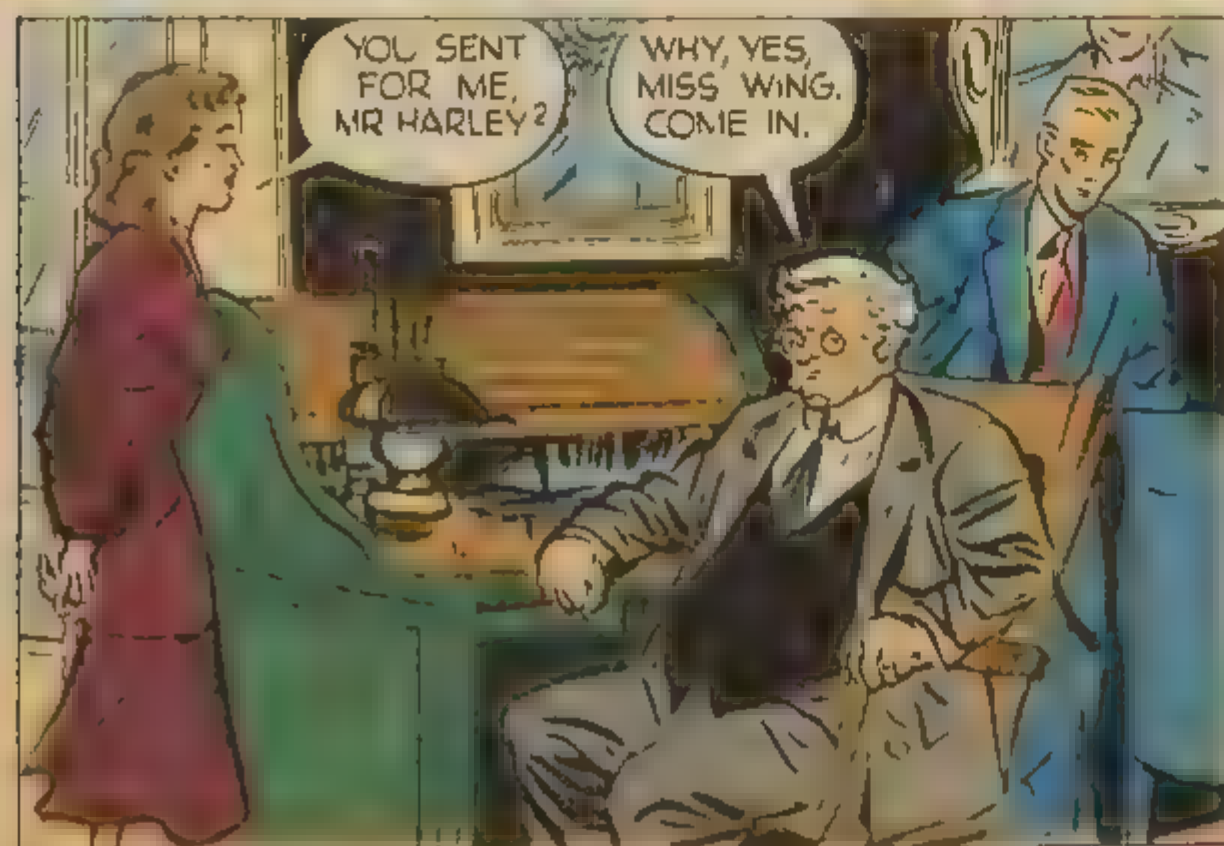
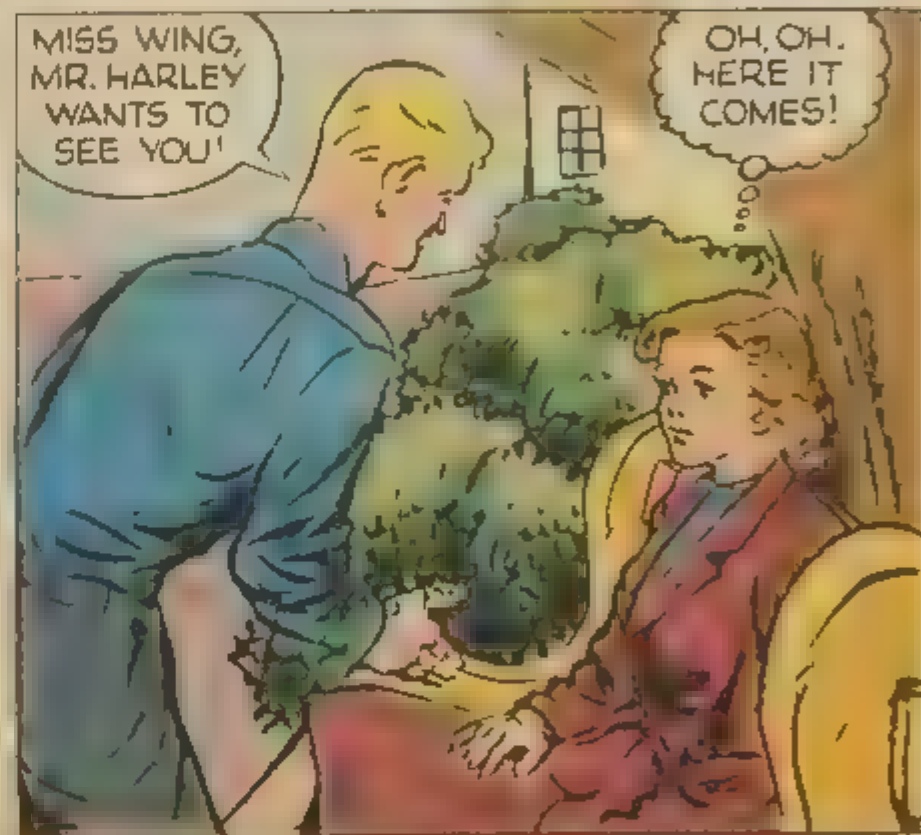
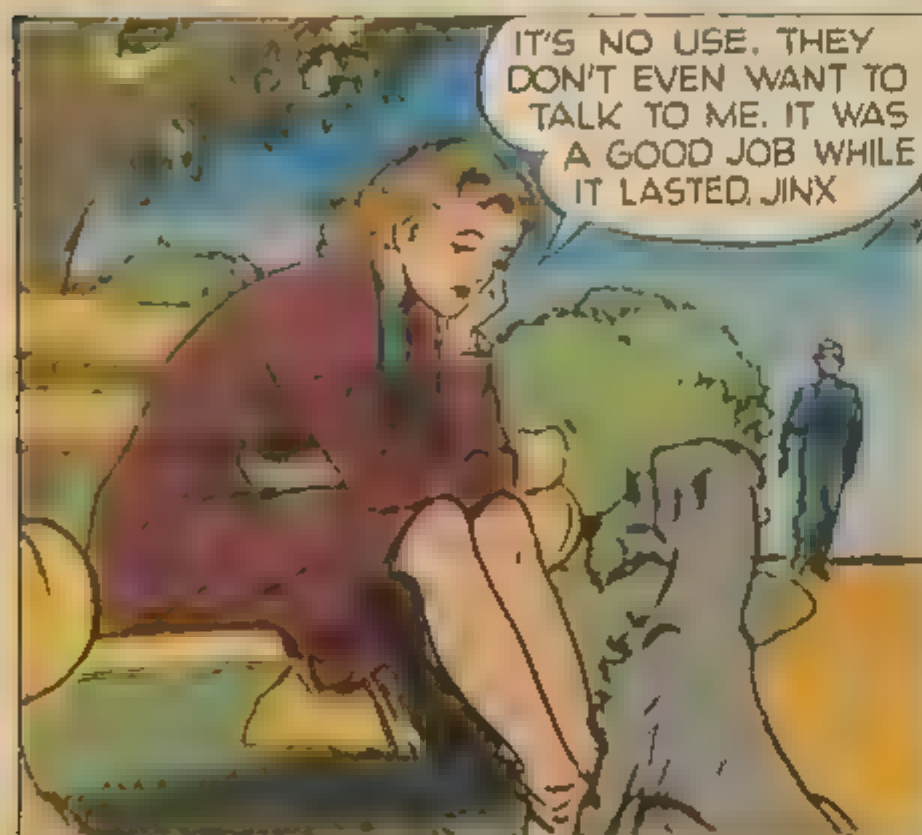
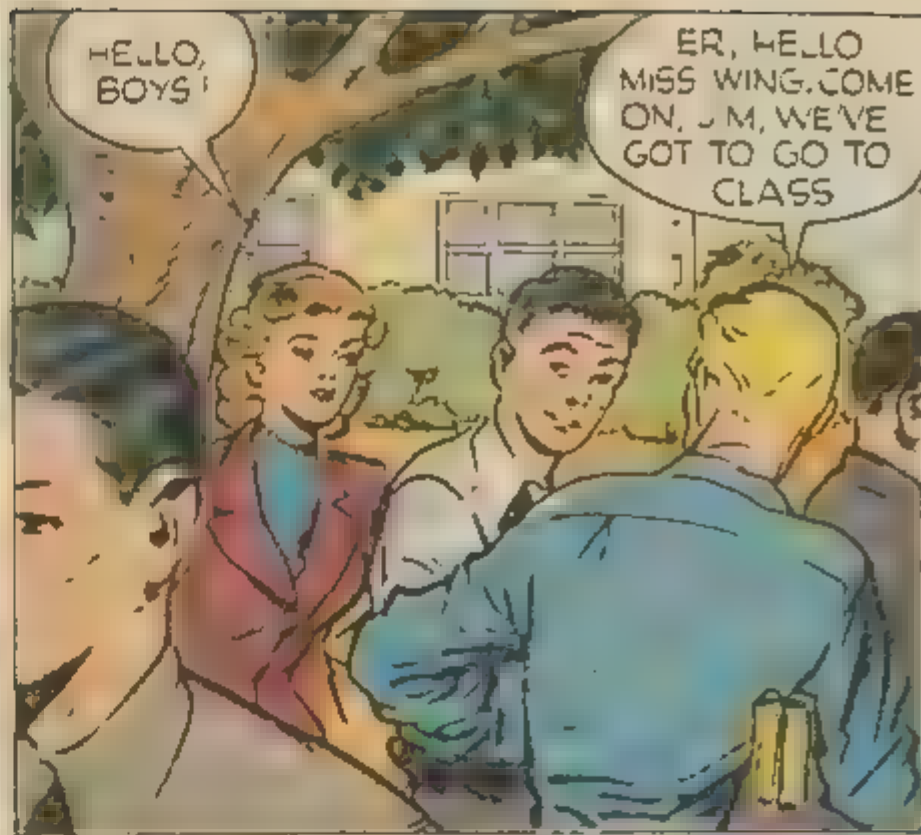
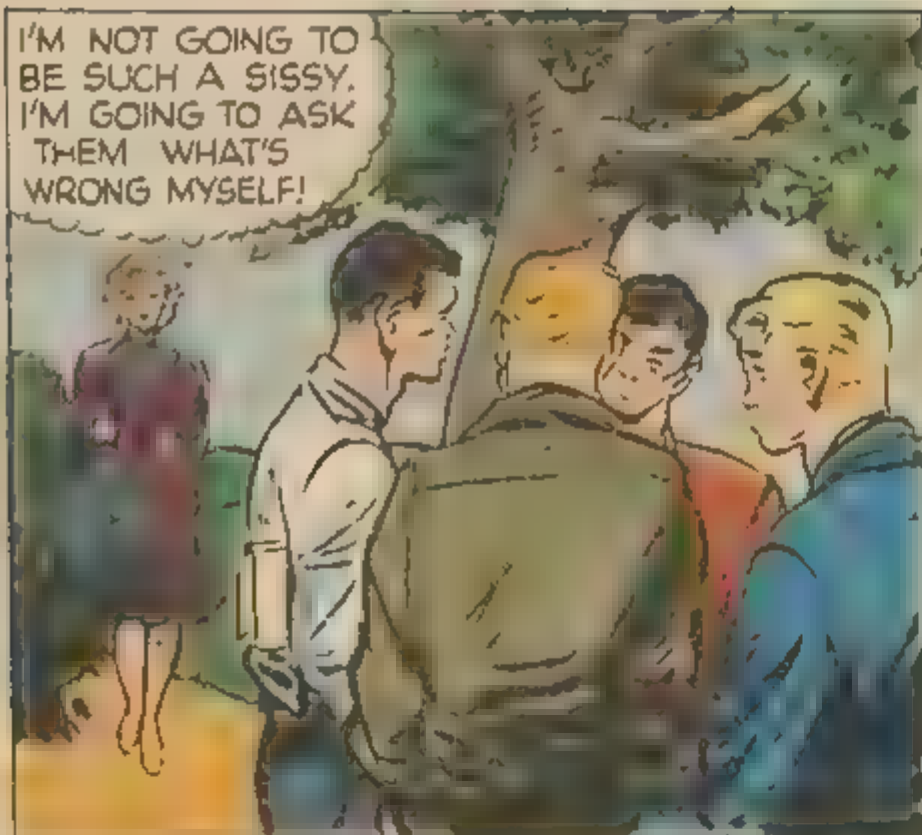
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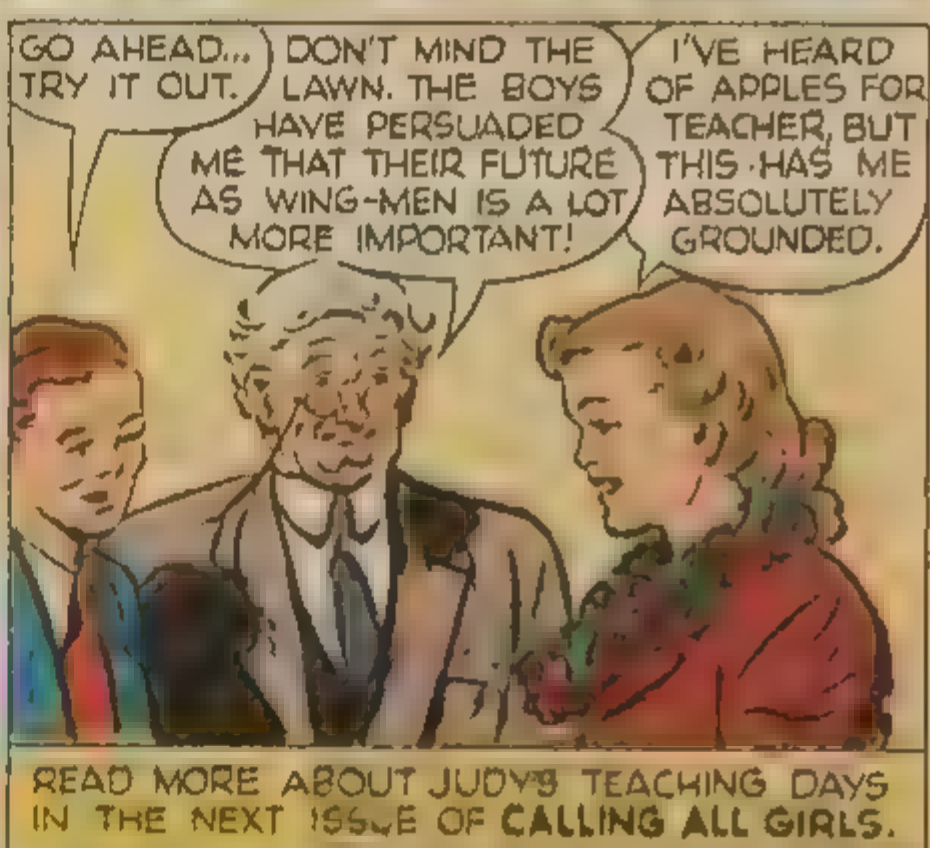
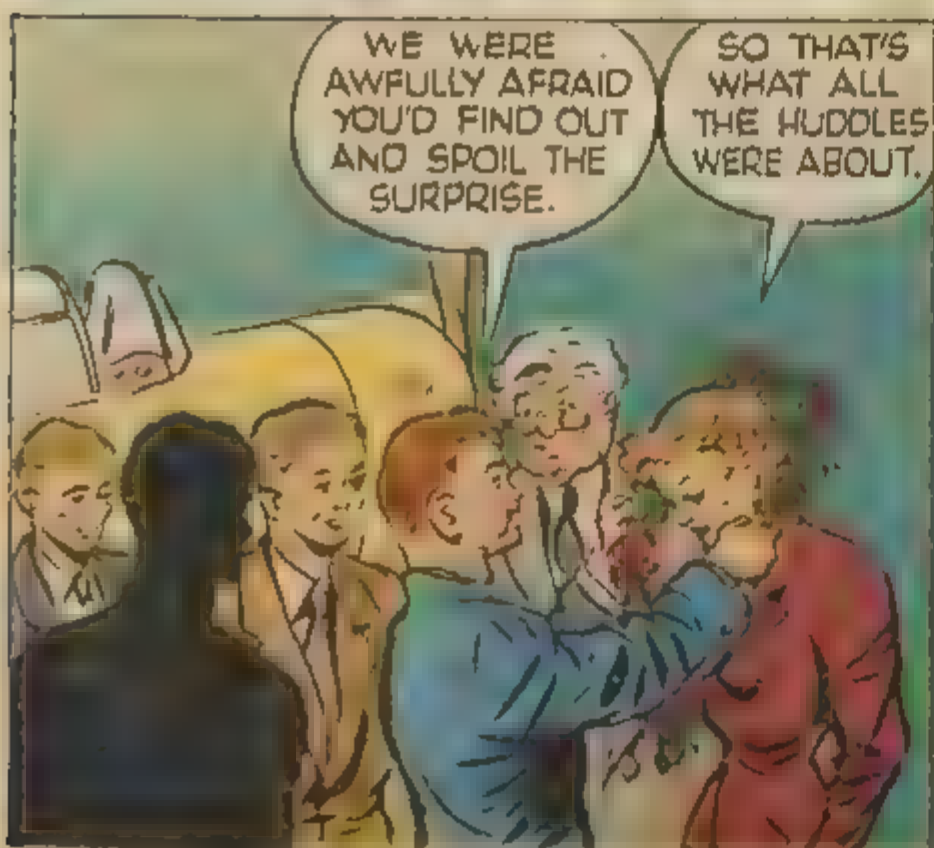
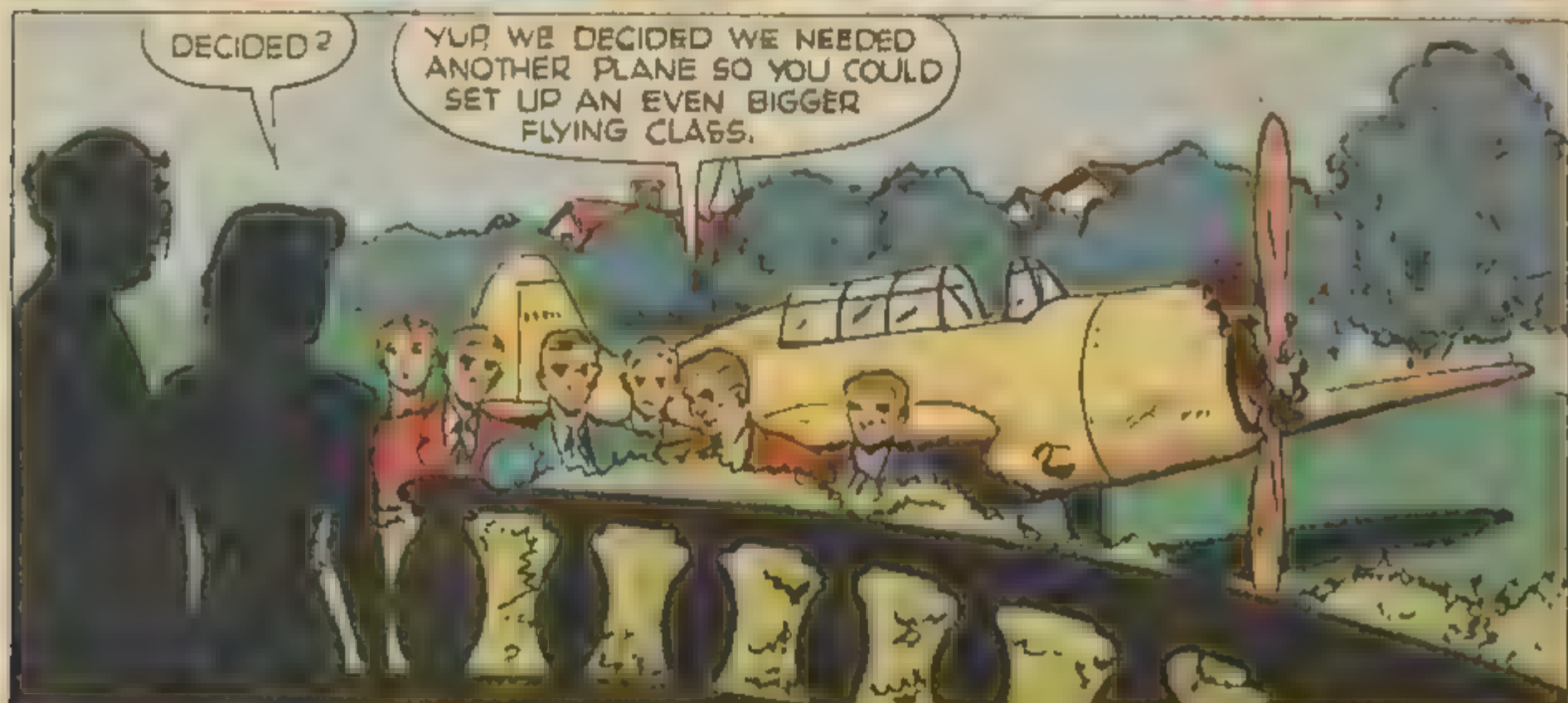
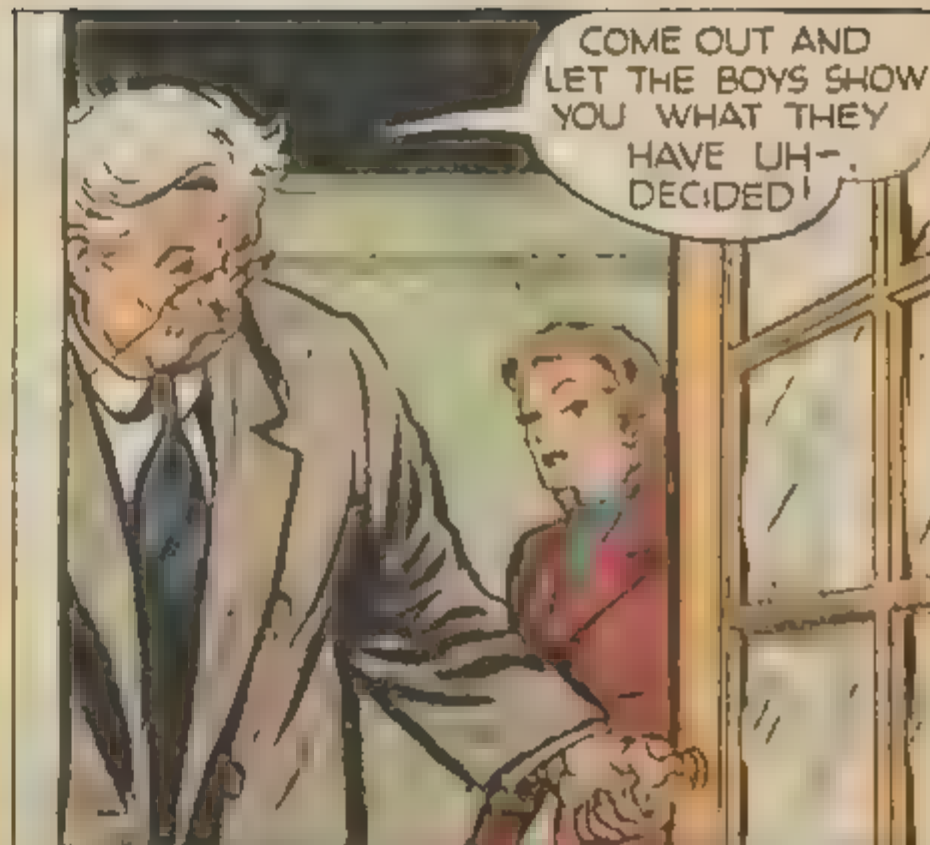
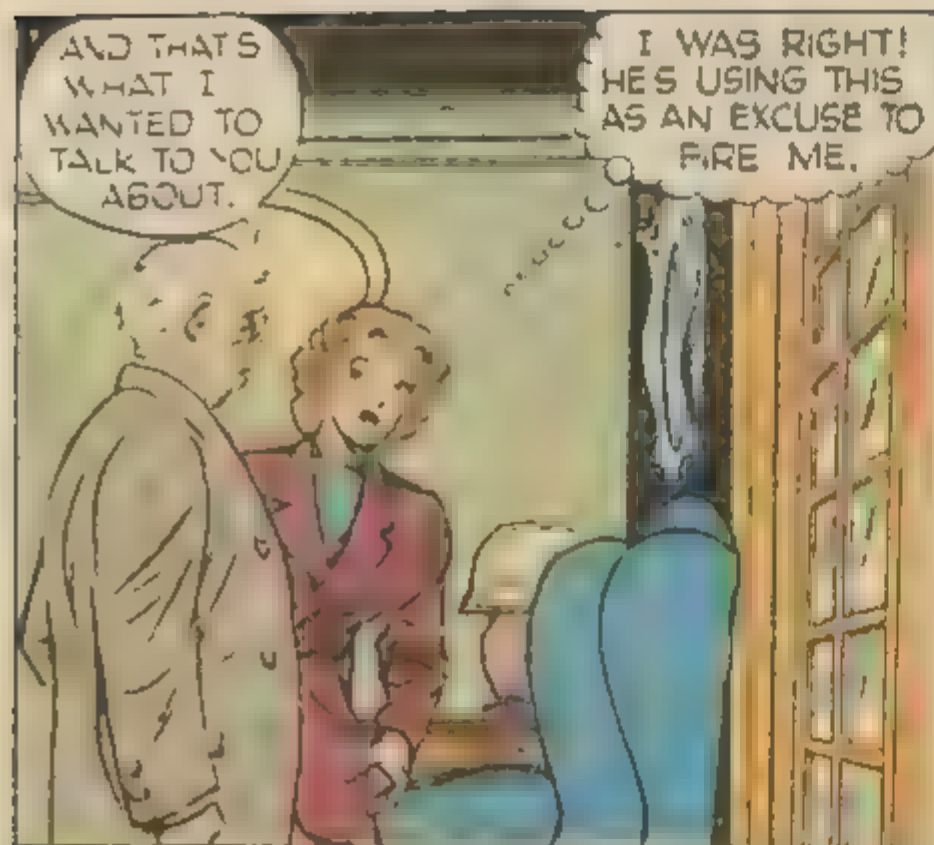


THEY DON'T SEEM INTERESTED ANY MORE, MR. FOLEY.

I DID WANT YOU TO START THE COURSE OFF WELL SO WE COULD USE IT AS A MODEL FOR OTHER COLLEGES. I'LL ASK PRESIDENT HARLEY IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S WRONG.







MYSTERY IN WARD 13

(Continued from page 12)

"If her jewels are imaginary, she couldn't hide them very well, could she?"

"She couldn't start a fire when she was that sick."

"You mean," Bonnie corrected them, "she couldn't be that sick. I wonder how she manages to fake her heart attack. She must have some motive. It might be interesting to discuss her case in psychology class tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Eva reminded her, "is a holiday. Remember? Gail's cousins have invited us out to their place at Crystal Lake. There'll be a picnic on the lawn and afterward we're all going to the fair and parade in our new street uniforms. It's an occasion, Bonnie. We may inspire other girls to join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and help the war effort. I don't know how the rest of you feel, but I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"I wouldn't either," declared Gail. "I was at Crystal Lake for the first time last Sunday. I learned to row, blistered my hands, sunburned my nose, and began to love the whole family . . ."

"Including your cousin Lemuel," teased Susan.

"Well, Lem is nice. So is Hubert."

"Bonnie seems to think so. She and Hugh really hit it off."

"The boys are lucky to be training so near home," put in Midge. "Tomorrow sounds just

about perfect, except that I don't quite see how two boys will go around. There are five of us. Remember?"

"I'm not the only one who remembered," laughed Gail. "They've invited some of their friends to join us."

"Navy boys, no doubt?"

Gail nodded, smiling to see how suddenly the girls became enthusiastic. Was it because of the boys, she wondered, or because of their own new uniforms? This would be the first time the girls had been able to wear their uniforms. They were ordinary street uniforms of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, but they did not look at all ordinary to Gail.

The next day turned out to be cool, and so Gail chose the gray wool uniform with red epaulets, rather than the light gray striped one. She pulled the chic Montgomery beret over her blonde curls and surveyed herself in the mirror.

"Lack-a-mercy on us!" she exclaimed in imitation of the old woman in the nursery rhyme. "This is none of I."

"It actually makes me look slim," marveled Susan as she pulled the gray jacket over her white tailored blouse, "and aren't the buttons beautiful?"

They were silver-colored with the insignia of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps on each button. The insignia also appeared on the gray beret—a combination of the caduceus of the Medical Corps, the eagle of the Army, and the foul anchor of the Navy.

"Alike as five peas in a pod," Gail commented when the five girls, in uniform, were waiting for the bus that would take them out to the country. "It's nice to get away from the hospital for a change. No running for classes, no beds to make, no fussy patients."

"That's something of an understatement, isn't it?" asked Eva. "From what I've seen of Miss Holly, I'd call her more than fussy."

"Crazy is the word for it,"

declared Bonnie.

"Oh, Bonnie! That's cruel!" exclaimed Gail. "She's just—confused."

"Let's forget all about her and enjoy ourselves," Susan suggested.

"Forget Miss Holly, did you say? How can we?" asked Eva. "If I'm not seeing things, that's Miss Holly in the blue car just ahead."

"It can't be—but it is!" Gail cried. "Oh, dear! This is too fantastic. How did she escape this time? And where did she get those fancy clothes?"

The blue car had stopped for a traffic light at the corner.

"Miss Holly!" Gail called out suddenly.

The little old lady turned her head at the sound of her name. It couldn't be anyone else, Gail decided. And yet, apparently, Miss Holly did not wish to be recognized. Gail saw her lean over and whisper something to the driver. Then the car shot ahead.

"They're getting away from us! What shall we do?" wailed Eva.

"I've got the license number. I'll write it down." And Gail took a small notebook out of her pocketbook and jotted down the number at once before she could forget it.

"Call the hospital," advised Bonnie. "Maybe they found out Miss Holly was faking and discharged her. Anyway, they ought to be told."

"You tell them, Bonnie," Gail urged. "Ask for Miss Robinson on Women's Medical and tell her we saw Miss Holly in a car."

It took Bonnie several minutes to make the call. When she returned she looked a little dazed.

"Either I'm crazy or Miss Robinson is," she declared. "She wouldn't listen to me. 'You couldn't have seen Miss Holly,' she said," and Bonnie imitated the head nurse's tone. "Miss Holly is safe in bed."

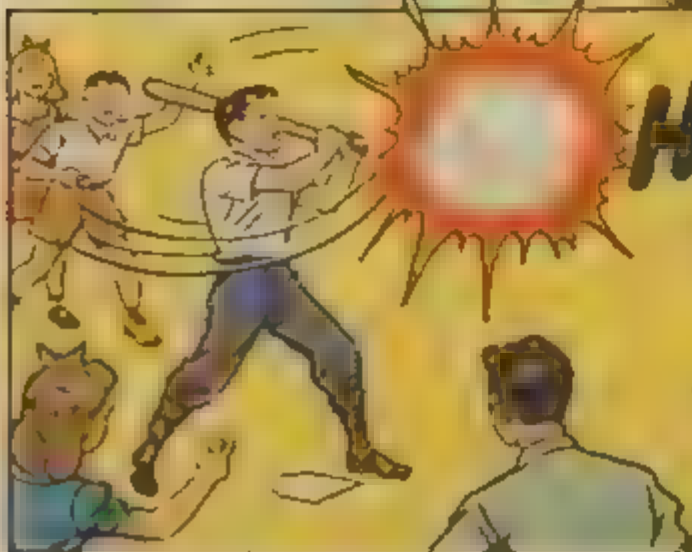
(To be continued)



Captain TOOTSIE

AND THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK



HOME RUN!

THINK OF IT!

YOU GET AS MUCH ENERGY FROM ONE TOOTSIE ROLL AS YOU USE RUNNING THE BASES 36 TIMES!

Chewy, chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS made with milk enriched with vitamins are real energy food. Get Tootsie Rolls! See how they help you win \$ and 1¢.



Remember there's another fine Tootsie product TOOTSIE V.M. the new vitamin mineral Tootsie Roll makes it taste like Tootsie Rolls! Ask your grocer for it.

Little MARY SMALL

SOME OF THE TRUE INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SMALL RADIO PERFORMER WHO HAS BECOME A BIG SUCCESS



MARY'S RADIO CAREER BEGAN WHEN SHE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD AND SANG ON A BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, STATION. BUT HER FIRST REAL BREAK CAME WHEN SHE WAS ELEVEN.

I'M GOING TO ASK THAT GIRL TO GUEST-STAR ON MY PROGRAM.

RUDY VALLEE, HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? KIDS DON'T BELONG ON YOUR SHOW

NEVER MIND THAT. SHE'S A LITTLE GIRL BUT SHE HAS A BIG VOICE.

WELL, SHE'S PRETTY GOOD.

THE NIGHT OF HER APPEARANCE ON RUDY VALLEE'S PROGRAM...

A FEW DAYS LATER...

IT'S HARD TO REALIZE SUCH A STRONG CONTRALTO COMES FROM A GIRL HER AGE.

ALL THIS FAN MAIL, BUT NO ONE BELIEVES YOU'RE ONLY ELEVEN. WE'LL HAVE TO SEND OUT COPIES OF YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE TO PROVE IT.

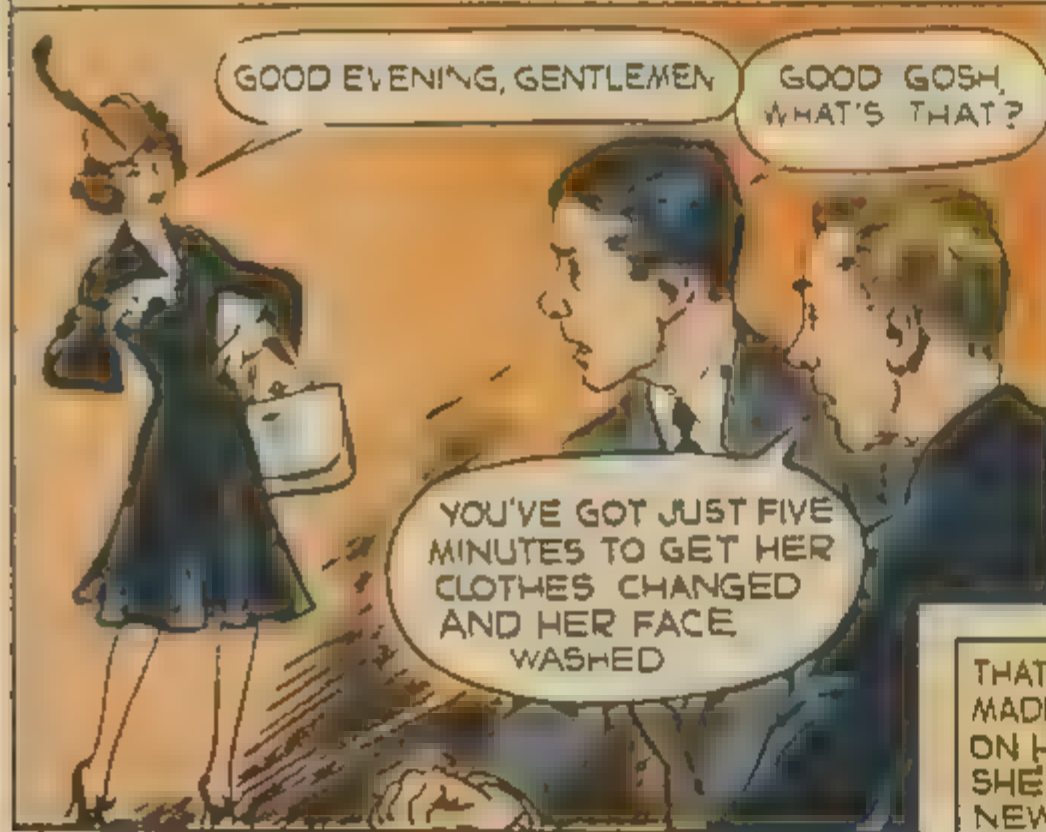
HERE'S ANOTHER LOVE LETTER.

BRAVO!

SHE'S TERRIFIC!

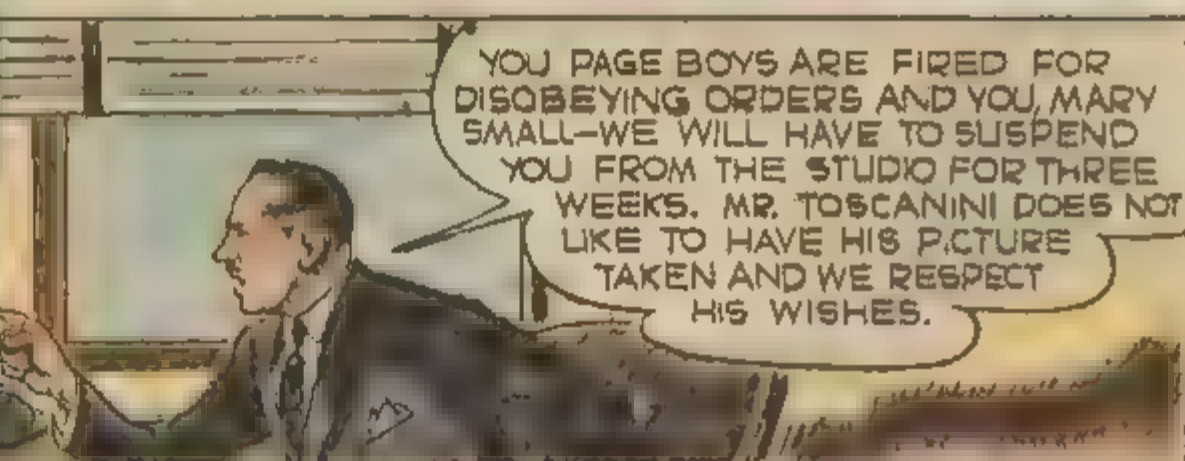
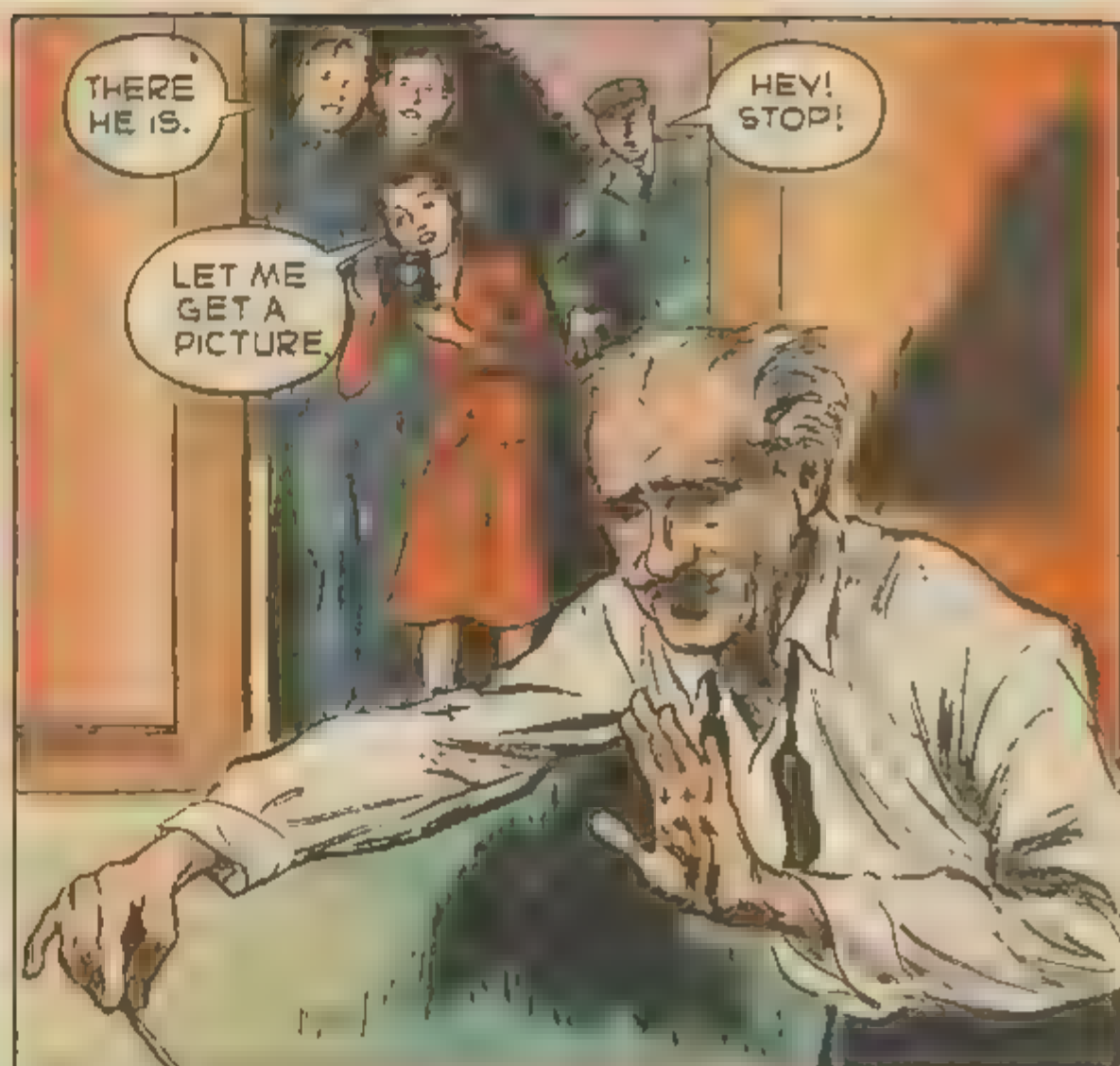
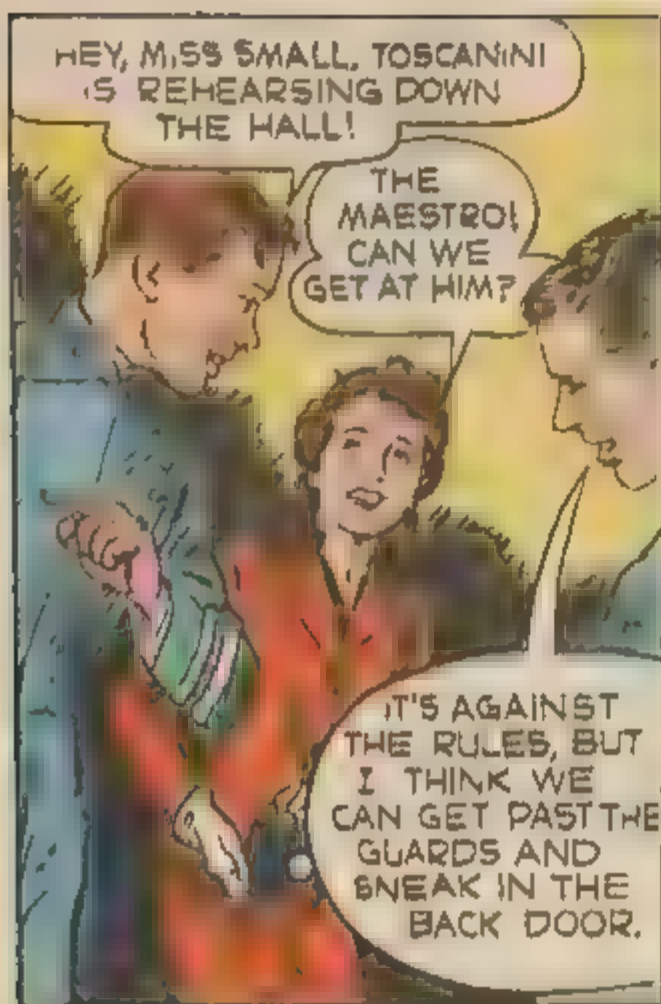


SO WHEN SHE APPEARED AT THE STUDIO FOR HER BROADCAST



THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE IDEA THAT LATER MADE MARY SMALL MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES ON HER OWN PROGRAM. WHEN SHE WAS FIFTEEN SHE WAS GIVEN A NETWORK SHOW AT NBC IN NEW YORK CITY!

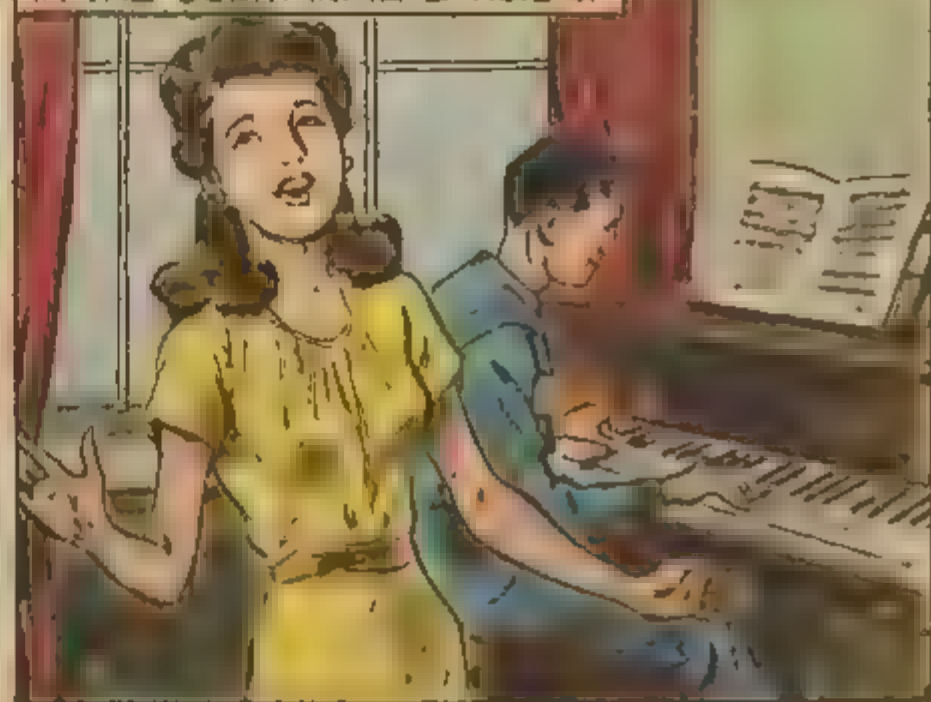




NOW TWENTY-ONE, MARY IS NO LONGER IN THE BAD GRACES OF ANY STUDIO BUT RATHER A STAR ATTRACTION. HER CURRENT RADIO PROGRAMS ARE 'KEEP AHEAD,' 'PICK AND PAT TIME,' AND THE 'MARY SMALL HOUR'-A NEW HIGH IN STARRING ROLES!



AND SHE DOESN'T GET SO MANY ENDEARING LETTERS FROM ADMIRERS EITHER, BECAUSE SHE TELLS EVERYONE ABOUT HER SONGWRITER HUSBAND VIC MIZZEY, WHO IS NOW A SEAMAN IN THE SUBMARINE DIVISION.



CHAPTER IX

BUY BLOUSE
PATTERN BY BUST
MEASURE. I'M
USING ADVANCE
PATTERN #2775.

39- SIZES 12-19-16

SOLVAY



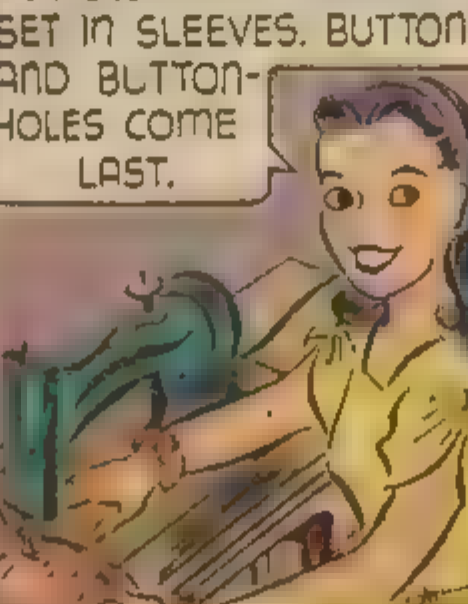
BE SURE TO MATCH
NOTCHES OF COLLAR.
SEW FACING
ALL ROUND
OUTER
EDGE.

FT SHOULDER SERMS
AND SHOULDER LINE.



SLEEVE BAND IS MADE JUST LIKE WAISTBAND OF DIRNDL IN CHAPTER #6.

FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS TO
SET IN SLEEVES. BUTTONS
AND BUTTON-
HOLES COME
LAST.

A cartoon illustration of a woman with long brown hair, wearing a yellow dress, sitting at a sewing machine. She is smiling and looking towards the viewer. The sewing machine is green and red. A speech bubble from the machine contains the text: "FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS TO SET IN SLEEVES. BUTTONS AND BUTTON-HOLES COME LAST." The woman is holding a piece of fabric, and the sewing machine needle is visible.[illegible]

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Take Your Play Clothes Sunny Side Up!

BE A SMART Sand-Witch and set your summer wardrobe for double exposure to the sun. Mid-riffs and sunbacks are all part of a back-to-the-sarong movement. Here are four different ways to be tan and tantalizing.

Left—Midriff suit with the new pinafore bra top in Marvina pica cotton, woven in Mexico. By Mademoiselle Modes, about \$5.

Right, above—Coy petticoat ruffles on a striped spun-rayon playsuit with button-on skirt. Camisole neckline is new and nude. By Sally Mason, about \$9.

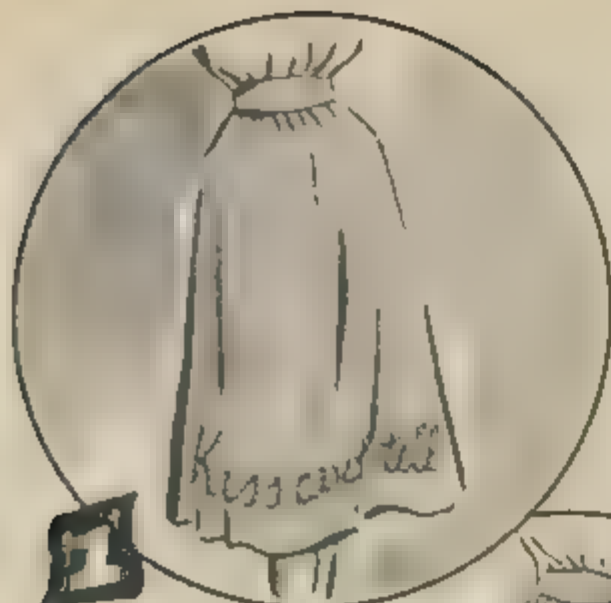
Center—Turn over and brown on the other side when you wear a halter-neck dress of Everlast border-print cotton styled by Derby. About \$5.

Below—Teentimer Original worn by Judy Hall on the front cover. Halter, about \$3; about \$9 for skirt and jacket; shorts, about \$4. Seashell Bandleader.

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

All playsuits in teen sizes, 10 to 16. For where-to-buy information in your town, send a 3c stamp to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

COVER GIRL *Gwen Currier* Wesco's DIRNDL DARLING in the skirt she made herself!



1

A "gag" phrase
written
in bright
sew-
ing
will make lads
stare
and then crack
back!

2

For work or
play
This is made
to order
Use contrast-
ing color
for the scal-
loped border



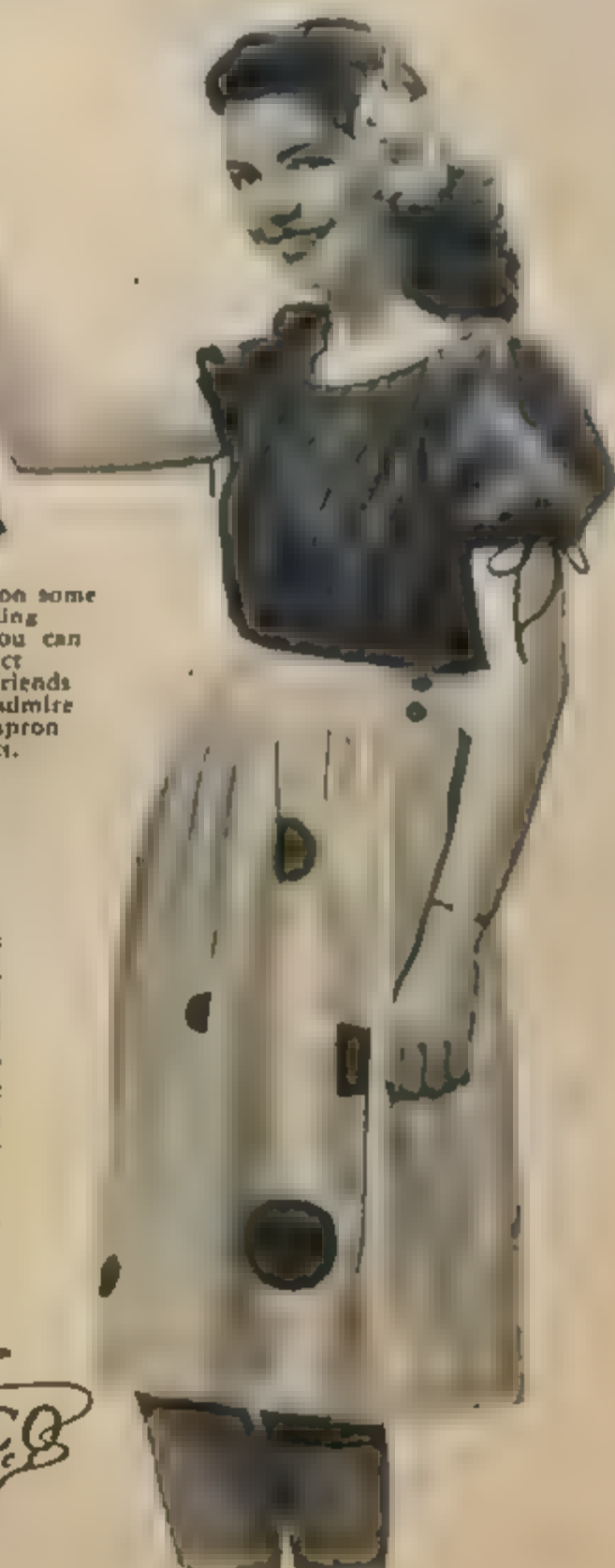
4

Both "mellow" and "luscious"
This bicycle trim
With black velvet ribbon
Will appeal to him.



3

Stitch on some
ruffling
And you can
expect
Your friends
to admire
This apron
effect.



SEND for the FREE instruction sheet* that'll show you how easy it is to make this "sharp" dirndl and the four variations that are illustrated. If you wrote in for the instruction sheet we offered in the March issue and haven't received it, could be you didn't remember to send your name and address—or maybe you didn't write legibly enough. So how about enclosing a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to Wesco Fabric Service, 469 Seventh Ave., New York City and . . . please print! The instruction sheet will then be yours to have fun with! Sorry . . . this offer good in United States only.

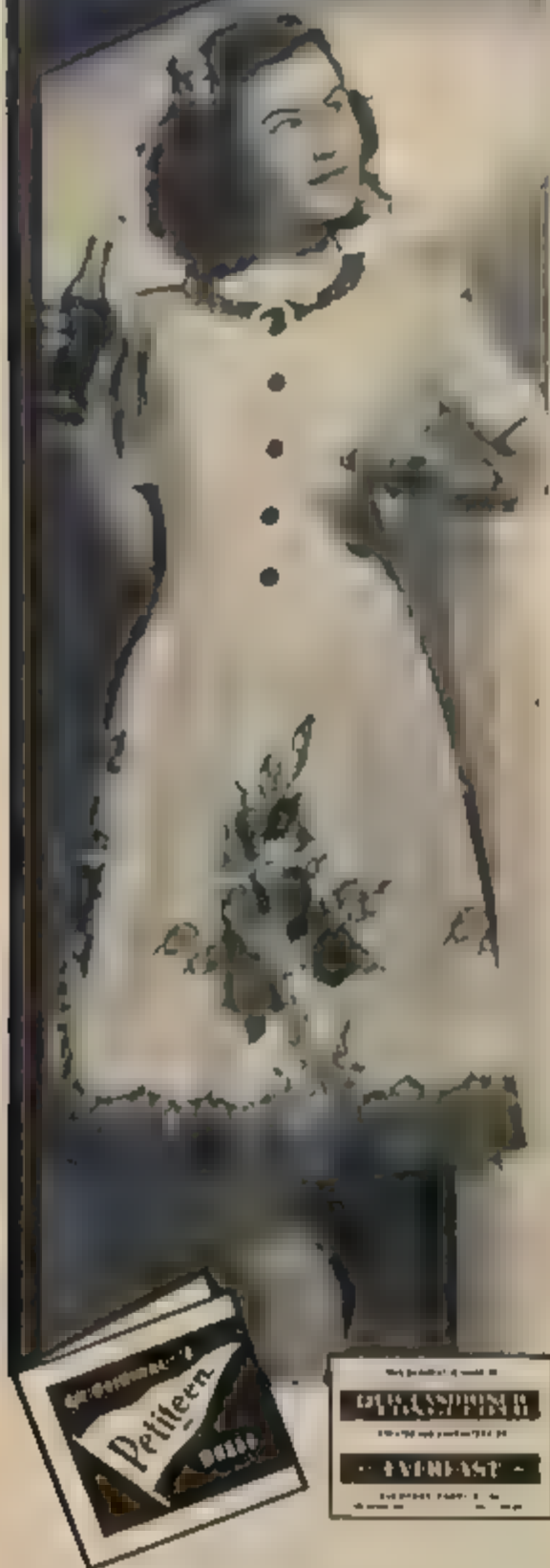
* Prepared by SPOOL COTTON CO.

WESCO FABRIC SERVICE
SPONSORED BY WEIL & SCHENKEL
469 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



KEEP GIVING
THE RED

IF YOU ARE
TOO OLD FOR 7 TO
14'S AND TOO SMALL TO WEAR
TEENS, THEN PETITEENS
IS FOR YOU



"Date-bait" for you tiny "chicks" who crave big-teen sophistication. Doll up in this Petiteen dress made of Everfast longcloth, and watch the "wolves" howl. White with wide colored floral border.

PETITEEN SIZES: 10 TO 14A

About \$6.00 wherever Petiteens are sold

For store in your town write to
PETITEENS, 520 Eighth Ave., N. Y. 18

SO you want more Norwegian-type sweaters? So you're swooning for a V-neck sleeveless job like the boys wear? Well, as that radio comic would say, "Tell you what I'm gonna do"—I'm going to send you instructions for these lovely-to-look-at and easy-to-make sweaters if you want to knit ahead for when you go back to school.

For instruction sheets, send stamped, addressed, legal-size envelope to Knitted Fashions, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state names of the styles you're interested in.



Send stamped, addressed envelope for instruction sheets for War Stamp lapel gadgets which are shown at top of both pages.

BLUEY WOOLZY—Shipshape sailor boys knitted in across a short-sleeve pull-on, made up here in Chadwick Red Heart wool.

PAPER DOLL—Knit a plain sweater of Dawn Knitting Worsted and embroider paper dolls across the front in Star Six Strand Mercerized Embroidery Cotton. Tween-Age pin. Geiger lodepurs.



When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

For School



NORWEGIANA—Top left, a simplified version of the classic ski sweater. Pick your own color combinations in Dawn Knitting Worsted. Slacks by Prince of Slacks. **SWEETHEART**—Top right, pet heart design in Beehive Non-shrink Moorland Yarn. Headbands by Tween-Age.

CAMPUS CABLES—It's Male-Robbery when you knit a V-neck sleeveless sweater from Helsher Yarn, like your Tall, Dark, and Gruesome's. In case you're interested (and of course you are—just look at h'm!) this T.D.&G. is Billy Lipton, seventeen-year-old star of both radio and stage.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood Presents

Tyrolean Skirt



Rates for dates! You'll never notice the man shortage in this nifty little number! Darling suspenders, trimmed with gay, colorful braid! Slim girder-fit waist!...flaring, flattering skirt! (Love rayon fabric that's truly crush-resistant!) Sizes 10 to 16. \$4.98, plus postage.

Slacks—"Frankly feminine" and as appealing as a shy glance! French-smocked neck, drawstring throat and slanted tuck new rayon fabric! Whites only. Sizes 32 to 38. \$3.98, plus postage.

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD

Department 844

6283 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD 1281, CALIFORNIA
Send no money. We mail C. O. D.

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail order fashion house!

IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED,
WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY!

PROMPT DELIVERY

ORDER BY MAIL FROM THE HOLLYWOOD

**BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 844,
6283 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD 1281, CALIFORNIA**

Please send "Tyrolean Skirt", at \$4.98, plus postage.

NAME _____
MR. _____
MISS _____
MRS. _____
MS. _____
CHILD _____
Send to me the name of mine _____

Please send Slacks, at \$3.98, plus postage.

NAME _____
MR. _____
MISS _____
MRS. _____
MS. _____
CHILD _____
Send to me the name of mine _____

Another Betty Co-Ed offering on Page 83

**Arm
CHARMER**
bracelets



You'll melt at the sight . . . but the ice-cubes won't, nor will the snow-drops wilt on the warmest days. To keep you cool-looking . . . it's an idea that's terrific! And these peppermint sticks look yummy enough to pop in your mouth . . . as conversation starters they are definitely sharp!



**CHILLY
DILLIES**
\$1.00
plus 20¢
Federal Tax



**PEPPY
MINTS**
\$1.00
plus 20¢
Federal Tax

AT BETTER STORES OR WRITE

ACCESSOCRAFT

Gadgeteria

ACCESSOCRAFT PRODUCTS
389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MEET THE MODELS

(Continued from page 7)

the afternoon she spent jumping up and down before the camera, while the photographer tried to get an action shot. Her legs protested, too, and when she tried to get out of bed next morning they just refused to cooperate and she fell out instead.

We asked what difference being a model makes in friendships and Gwen cryptically replied, "Girl-friends decrease and boy-friends increase." Then Gwen went on to explain that among models the competition is so stiff that it doesn't leave much room for friendships. And as for other girl-friends, well, keeping yourself and your clothes in tiptop condition and getting your school work done in odd hours doesn't leave much time for them.

Strangely enough, Gwen's pet diversion is a sort of busman's holiday. Her hobby is collecting pictures of other models.

Jackie Macmillan, too, is in doubt about making modeling her career, but that's because she has so many careers that there's no telling which one will win out. Seven years ago, when Jackie was six, her mother and she were shopping in a New York department store. One part of the store was jammed with children. Mrs. Macmillan asked what was going on and found out that the store was conducting a beauty and talent contest, to be judged by John Robert Powers, the famous model agent. Jackie entered on the spot and Jackie won.

Up until that day, Jackie had planned to be a concert pianist. At four she had played the piano and sung on radio programs. She continued to study her music seriously until the spring of 1941. That was when Gertrude Lawrence's play "Lady in the Dark" opened and Jackie was chosen to play the role of the Lady in the Dark as a young girl. Jackie was with the show on Broadway for two years. She played around five hundred performances! One of her finest memoirs of her acting

**FRESH, NATURAL
LOVELINESS...**



*Yours to have and hold—
unforgettable glamorous
loveliness!*

The secret is Stadium Girl Cake Make-up. A delightful, new make-up that creates a fresh, captivating complexion . . . hides annoying little skin faults . . . brings to your complexion a charming glow of warm overtones that lasts for hours. For fresh, natural loveliness it's Stadium Girl Cake Make-up! Available in four flattering shades: Natural, Rachel, Brunette and Golden Tan.

You'll fall in love with the Stadium Girl Cake Make-up case. It's a lavishly designed, modern plastic, purse compact—a case you'll proudly display on all occasions.

Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, full cover, 25¢
Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, six shades, 10¢-25¢
Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up, four shades, 10¢-25¢

Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores



When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

years is an autograph book jammed with warm and personal messages from famous Broadway stars.

Since the show closed, Jackie has been devoting her time to modeling, but at the moment she's awaiting the results of a screen test for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. What with radio and stage and modeling and piano and movies—no wonder Jackie wonders what the future will bring.

Jackie attends the Professional Children's School in New York City. The school allows her to switch her classes around so she can fit in all her jobs. Time schedules and geography are important to all models. The former must be elastic; models cannot expect to be asked for often if they must refuse frequently because of classes or other appointments. As for geography—most of the big model agencies are located in a few large cities and a model must live near-by so she can put in a quick appearance whenever she is wanted.

As different as all the girls were, they all gave the impression of being hard workers. Modeling isn't only looking glamorous; it's keeping glamorous. That takes time and grooming, it takes money for a wardrobe and the upkeep of that wardrobe. It means being able to sit or stand patiently for a long time under hot lights—and still look fresh and relaxed. It requires being versatile—being able to portray all moods. It means keeping up with schoolwork on a haphazard, part-time schedule as well as contemporaries keep up with it on a full-time schedule.

Models have to keep themselves constantly in the agencies' eyes, literally. They have to trudge around to answer calls for models on jobs they might not even get, when they'd rather be at the movies. Of course, when they do get the jobs, then they can look forward to the day when they see their own pictures on the pages of a national magazine. That's what makes all the hard work and devotion worth-while.



Sun Fun

SHIRT 'N' SHORT SET

Hey! make fashion-hey when the sun shines Double-pleated shorts and trim-fitting shirt, made of Naitova's quality Spun Rayon. In luscious summer pastels. Teen Sizes 10 to 16.

ABOUT \$6

For the store nearest you, write:

GORDON MAID SKIRT CO., INC.

Main Office: 99 Bickford Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

NEW YORK SHOWROOM: 1358 BROADWAY

Teen Age Betty



From the
Teen Age
Hangout

DRESS IN Lanz Original
COTTON PRINT, RED, BLUE OR
GREEN, WITH EYELET TRIM.
SIZES 10-16. PRICE 5.95
ESPADRILLES, NON-RATIONED
RED WITH BLUE LACES, NAVY
WITH RED, GREEN WITH RED
SIZES 5-8. PRICE 3.95
FLOWERS ON COMB TO
MATCH DRESS. PRICE .95
EARRINGS TO MATCH .95 P.R.

use coupon • write to

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668 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, 19, N.Y.

DRESS COLOR _____ SIZE _____

ESPADRILLES COLOR _____ SIZE _____

FLOWERS _____ EARRINGS _____

Please send free fashion folder

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print clearly

Sew for Swimming



Suit is Simplicity Pattern #4967, sizes 12 to 16, 15¢. Boxy coat is Simplicity Pattern #4624, sizes 12 to 42, 25¢. Buy from your local dealer or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

We've designed "Petal-Top," our easy-to-make beach bag, just for You. No pattern needed. For instructions how to make, send legal size stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



NO need to worry about the bathing suit shortage when you can whip up a smooth midriff number like this. Border-print cottons, such as this Caliquette by Ameritex, suggests interesting use of the border to outline the "bra" and stripe the

shorts. Use discarded knit underwear to line the panties, and piece together the good parts of old bath towels to line the matching coat and bag. Fourteen-year-old Jackie Fernandez is our bathing beauty. Watch for her on next month's front cover!

TEEN TOWN TONIGHT

(Continued from page 9)

active citizens. This Teen Town, located in the basement of the Y.M.C.A., is open every week night. The age limits are from thirteen to twenty inclusive. Regulations made by the members are self-enforced.

All the various teen towns have flowered in gay and imaginative decorative guises. The Flamingo Club in Seattle, Washington, has those colorful birds all around the walls and mirrors. The Bombardier, in Des Moines, Iowa, sports silver planes on everything from lamp shades to menu cards.

There have been failures. Some teen towns found that while interest rode high in the beginning, it bogged down after a while. But that has been solved by indulging in some active promotion, keeping in mind the fact that the clubs have a constantly changing membership as the girls and boys grow in and out of the age range. The other problem that has cropped up has been finances. Most teen towns have had to enlist the help of adult civic organizations or community agencies to get started. Usually the use of a large vacant room has been gladly donated. When they first acquired their premises, a few overenthusiastic teen towns sank their all in decorations. That left them without operating funds, but a little strict economy solved that problem.

All in all, teen towns have clicked loudly. Undoubtedly this is because they are of the teeners, by the teeners, and for the teeners. Because everywhere the girls and boys of the town have set up and run their own recreation center it has been successful. Of course, they've found they need some adult to consult—there are always problems of where and how and how much. But whatever name they choose, the many, many teen towns already in existence should be great inspiration for more to come. It is a wonder "someone didn't think of this before."



*The Blazer
of your Dreams!*

Long a college tradition . . . now a Hi-School furore. It's the authentic campus blazer, your wear-with-all to wear with pride. Right smart investment for now and the college years ahead. Tailored to a "T" in 100 per cent wool, with white pearl buttons, contrasting color piping and fully lined with Earl-Glorayon. Navy with White or Red, Hunter Green with White or Red, Christmas Red with White, Brown with White, Men's Wear Gray with Red. About \$15.

On Sale At

THE BLUM STORE, PHILA., PA.

and leading stores everywhere, or write

ETON

Britisher

991 Sixth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

SPORTSTERS
by
SANDLER OF BOSTON



**DOG'S
EAR**



595

FASHIONED on Sandler's famous "little boy last," it has an impish, lovable air. Of richly mellowed and antique russet Army calf, with flat, broad leather heels and long-wearing leather soles. Goodyear welt construction.

At leading stores everywhere, or write **A. SANDLER CO., Boston, Mass.**

When writing to advertisers please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS.**

Linda Lee

FOR TEENS
WITH KNOW-HOW!



Unbelievable styling by Linda Lee...
washable, full-length, with the pleated
skirt, baby's being right! For every
occasion, it's the FORDSPUN, the most
lovely, wide, comfortable, and
lovely. No more just when you
put it on, it's bright with
color, and the perfect, beautiful
thing to be in! At leading stores
everywhere. (A-64) \$5

Don River

For free fashion folder and name of store
nearby that carries these fashions, write to:

GLEITSMAN, CHOPP and SADOWSKY
520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me free fashion folder G3

My Name _____

My Address _____

DOWN ON THE FARM

(Continued from page 19)

their regular summer camps and volunteered for farm labor as part of their camp work. Still others traveled in groups on "day-hauls" from their homes to the farms via trucks or buses. They had a wonderful health record—out of 4,000 girls only sixty-one suffered minor illnesses or accidents such as they might well have run into at home. Maybe this was because they had a supervisor for every nine girls working in the fields—or was it mostly because the girls were smart, healthy, and knew how to take care of themselves?

What kind of farmer will you be? Well, last summer Victory Farm Volunteers and other girl farm aides cultivated or picked grapes in California, strawberries in Tennessee, beans in Nebraska, cherries in New York State; harvested potatoes in Maine, detasseled hybrid seed corn in Indiana, helped on dairy and poultry farms everywhere. Said one girl, home again after her farm summer, "Cherry pie tastes pretty good after all. While I was picking I thought I'd never want to look a cherry in the face again." The leader of a group project observed, "No girl would ever think of a tomato again as just for salad, bought at a market. Not after she had transplanted them, trained them to wires, suckered them (or "succored" them, as some said in their diaries), and finally, in the broiling sun, picked, sorted, and packed them for market."

Sounds like work, doesn't it? You'll be busy, but expect slack times due to the slow ripening of crops, an unexpected rainy season, and similar difficulties, and be ready to help around the farmhouse to fill in. Knowing what to expect is satisfaction insurance, so ask all your questions beforehand. Don't pass up those chances to visit a farm or two during spring week ends, or to hear talks on farming. Those of you who have lived all your lives in cities or towns

will need special preparation to be able to do the job well.

It's important to have a medical and dental check-up before you start aiding the farmer; then you won't waste valuable work and doctor hours by illness that might have been avoided. Doctors are a war shortage, you know. And if you are subject to asthma or hay fever, let your less breathless friends do the farming while you double for them in some other home-front activity. First aid training helps, too. How, for instance, to treat ivy poisoning, snake and insect bites, sunburn, heat exhaustion, small cuts, burns and bruises—and, better yet, how to avoid them. Sunburn and poison ivy are by all odds the greatest job hazards, both preventable. Learn your poison ivy and your poison snakes—the latter you will probably never meet but if you do, snake hysterics are definitely old hat.

A few simple behavior rules will make life on the farm easier. Take close supervision gracefully, and help your group leader to promote good work habits and good fellowship. Working between a bean plant and the girl from the next town is a fine chance to grow a new friendship.

Eat three square meals a day, with a midmorning and mid-afternoon snack if you should be working extra long hours. This means plenty of fruit, vegetables and salads, milk, eggs, meat or fish; not too much cake, pie, candy, potatoes, and other starchy foods. Drink six to eight glasses of water a day, and use one-eighth to one-quarter teaspoon of salt in each glass when you are perspiring very freely.

Wear stout, low-heeled shoes; slacks or coveralls; warm, weatherproof clothes on cold; rainy, or windy days; a broad-brimmed hat in the sun; gloves for rough work. Use a skin lotion if your skin is tender and a good sun-tan preparation if you

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expect to be out in the sun.

Play safe. Play very safe if you are allowed to help with machinery. Wear clothing with no loose parts to catch, follow directions carefully, check the machine for safety before starting and stop it for all repairs and adjustments.

Speak quietly to animals, including dogs, when you go close to them. Unhitch the horses when you make repairs. Advance notice of your movements and quiet consideration are the keynotes of your budding friendship with the animal kingdom—cows, pigs, horses.

If you tire easily at first, remember that healthy muscles grow stronger with use and that you are training in a whole set you did not know you owned. Good posture's half the battle. You won't be nearly as tired if you stand, walk, sit erect and at ease. Back muscles are not as strong as leg muscles—don't ask your back to do things it can't do in the way of lifting heavy weights. Change position often for long field jobs of any sort. You might get in the swing with limbering up exercises before you start the season—and the day.

Don't hurry—hurry makes accidents. Get plenty of sleep. And be pleasant and fun to work with. A farm aide is made of sturdy stuff—good sense, adaptability, and energetic determination. Though you can enjoy every minute of a brand new experience, remember that you're not launched on a vacation but are making a contribution—to the farmers, to your country, and to yourself.

Your V-mail may be a little short during the summer. You'll be mighty busy streamlining potatoes, tomatoes, string beans, milk and eggs for a trip overseas. But that bit about how you beat the thunderstorm and brought in the hay ought to get a big hand, not to mention your first try at milking which neither you nor the cow liked. And as for the saga of you and Josie the sow and her seven piglets, there's a book in that—or possibly the less said about it the better.

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Face the SUN

Make up your own mind about your
summer complexion! To tan or not to tan

is an open question this season

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor



NOWADAYS there are better ways to judge a lady than by the fairness of her skin, and thank goodness we have also lived through the period when everyone had to be literally burned to a crisp to be in style! When it comes to complexions, fashion says, "Be yourself!" Know your skin, plan the right care for it, and face the summer sun with assurance and comfort.

TO TAN—If your skin is the sort that gets nut-brown after your first few days in the sun, you probably don't have to give it any special care. Most of us are not so lucky! If it needs to be nursed through an initial red stage to a becoming deep peach or tan, you'd better start out with short exposures and a good soothing sun-tan preparation that will filter the rays and prevent painful burning. Work up gradually to the degree of color you think becoming.

NOT TO TAN—If you have a sensitive, fair skin that burns and peels, or sprouts freckles as big as pennies, you might as well make up your mind at the start that the sun's not your friend and shut out his rays! Deep burning coarsens the texture of skin and may even cause infection. To guard against this, select an anti-sun preparation that really protects, and use it faithfully. If you should get reddened—or even blistered, heaven forbid!—rush for a medically approved cream or ointment and apply it generously until all the pain and redness have disappeared.



BEFORE you go to bed, use a generous lathering of gentle soap and warm water to remove every trace of the day's perspiration, salt water film (if you're a sea sprite), sun-tan cream, lotion, or oil, and makeup. If your skin is sensitive or seems dry, use an overnight application of cooling lotion or cream.

EXTRA attention to the vulnerable spots will pay big dividends in comfort! Nose, shoulders, back, backs of knees, insteps, midriff are most sensitive areas.

BEFORE basking in the sun apply the sun-tan preparation of your choice, and be sure to renew it as it gets wiped or washed off. Some preparations are supposed to stay with you even if you go swimming, but it's better to be safe than sorry.

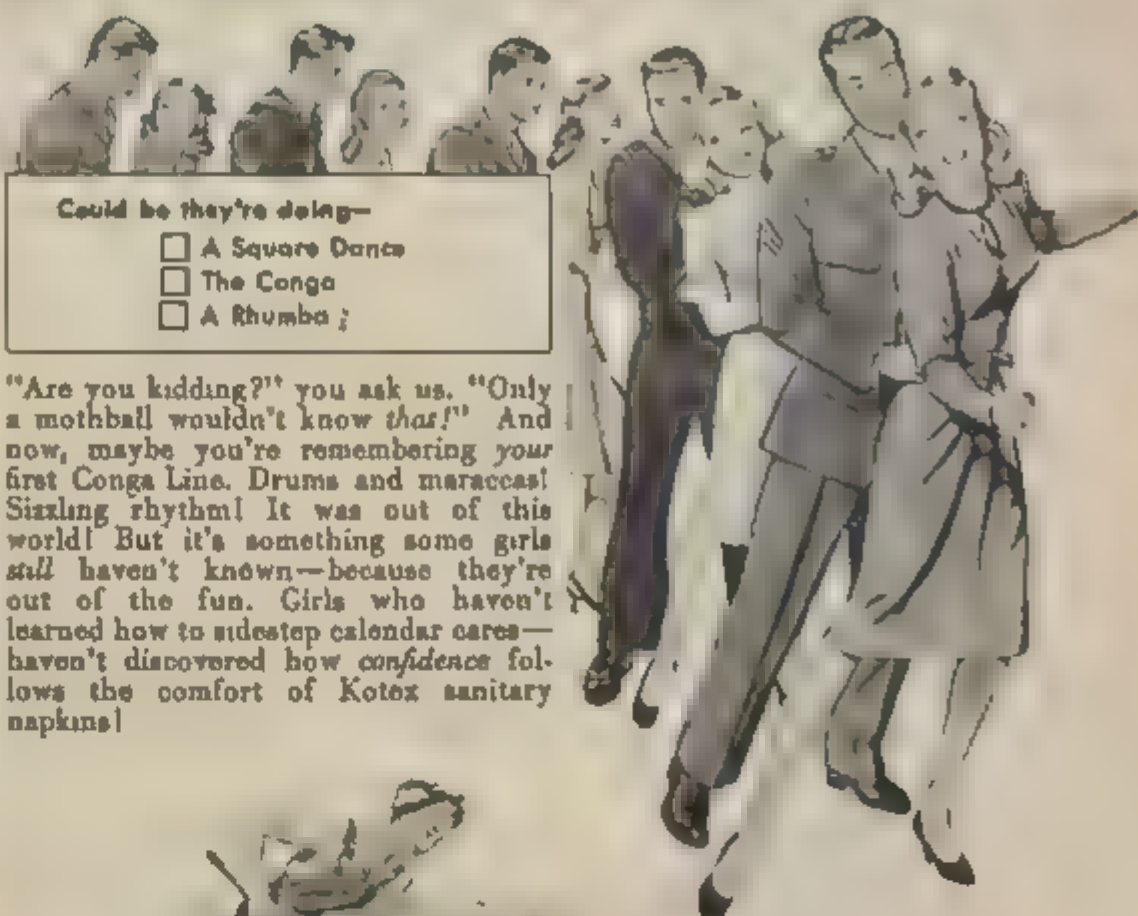


U-NECKLINES are in—are you a V girl? Don't wear the same shape neckline every time, and do try to get your tan evenly over a larger area of neck than your pet date dress shows.



SHINY faces are smart! Did you know that many actresses and style leaders are deliberately going in for the polished look? Many of them use a tinted cream or liquid foundation preparation instead of powder. However, if your nose persistently outshines the rest of your face so that you feel as if you were wearing a headlight, tone it down with a light application of powder. Use a shade matched to your summer complexion tint.

Are You in the Know?



Could be they're doing—

- ☐ A Square Dance
- ☐ The Congo
- ☐ A Rhumba;

"Are you kidding?" you ask us. "Only a mothball wouldn't know *that*!" And now, maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maracas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls still haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how confidence follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!



Is the little lady—

- ☐ Digging for fishing worms
- ☐ Searching for Treasure
- ☐ Hoeling for Victory

Right! She's one of Uncle Sam's gardeners—millions who've been gleefully munching their own home-grown vittles all winter. If you're an outsider—get hep! Now's the time to add your plot to the 22,000,000 Victory Gardens your country needs this year. Stay with the job, too, come sun or cloud—or problem days. Just remember: Kotex stays soft while wearing.

You hear it on which radio program—

- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "dot a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at your house and the party's been swell. You're thankful you didn't call it off—on account of that "certain" time. The flat, pressed ends of Kotex show no telltale outlines. And that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!



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Tricks for Teens

Pin-Ups for Lapels—An empty spool becomes a snappy drum pin. Glue white cloth to each end, and sew back and forth with colored thread for the drum lacings. Anchor two toothpicks in the lacings for drumsticks. You can pin it on through the lacings at the back.—*Evelyn Lorraine Yeager, Walla Walla, Wash.* Make a totem pole by painting up a clothespin with water colors or nail polish; then slip it through your lapel buttonhole.—*Susan Black, Garden City, N. Y.* A new twist for lapels is a pretzel painted with nail polish (not necessarily red). A tiny ribbon tied around the center will hold the necessary pin.—*Marine Hayes, New Orleans, La.* Mairzy Doats for you? Make a little felt bag and glue oatmeal into it so it shows at the top. Take a piece of wood or an old pin—maybe one of your alphabet noodle pins—and write "Mairzy Doats" on it. Put a handle on the little bag, tack it to the pin, and there you have a feedbag for the "mairz" who "yd" oats.—*Vivienne Schulman, Forest Hills, N. Y.*

Complimentary Closing—Fasten your cardigan sweaters and jackets with perky bows instead of buttons.—*Barbara Carlmark, Johnstown, Pa.* Your old jacks make playful buttons, too.—*Anita Schultz, Woodside, N. Y.* Make your own buttons by slicing a small branch of a tree. Punch two holes in the center of each of these slices—and you have buttons that are smart either plain or decorated with paint or nail polish. Finish with shellac to make it really smooth.—*Vernetta Lueders, Hardin, Mo.*

Keep up on Upkeep—If you always miss that elusive crevice between shoe and sole when polishing shoes, try using a toothbrush.—*Marjorie Clemens, Ogden, Utah.* White shoe polish restores grimy white gloves as the gleaming accent for your suit.—*Susan Lewis, Wilson, N. C.* For hands as clean as your gloves, remove stains with a little lemon

juice.—*Elaine Harland, Arthur, Ont.* Replace broken slip straps with rickrack. They're especially nice under sheer blouses.—*Jean Hobbie, Johnson City, N. Y.* Sock driers can be made from wire clothes hangers. You will need one hanger for each sock. With wire clipper or pliers—not



your mother's best scissors—cut the wire at one of the bottom corners. Measure your foot, and bend the wire to the same length, turning the extra piece up to hold the heel of your

sock. Cover the cut edges of wire with cloth or adhesive to avoid snagging your socks.—*Jo Ann Clay, Pine Bluff, Ark.*

Flowers, Flowers Everywhere—Twine artificial flowers into a necklace and watch that navy dress spring into life.—*Marcy Sinclair, Chicago, Ill.* Let artificial flowers bloom on a ribbon around your wrist—and on hair bands, too.—*Jane Anderson, Atlantic City, N. J.* Wreath your throat with leaves waxed with candle drippings and threaded on matching yarn.—*Earlana Bayer, Cincinnati, Ohio.* Let pictures of roses grow along the baseboards of your room.—*Patricia Luciano, Ottawa, Ont.* Paste blossoms cut from leftover wallpaper as a decorative valance over your doors and windows.—*Arlene Fries, Albuquerque, N. M.* Or turn the knobs on your dresser drawers into painted flower faces.—*Ann Kotarski, Philadelphia, Pa.* A good way to keep artificial flowers fresh for your hair is to stand them in vases in your room. They'll do double duty.—*Leona Henderson, Lake Placid, Fla.* And then when you no longer want the artificial flowers for your hair, sew them on your lamp shades for new light on your room.—*Jean Neelin, Saskatoon, Sask.* Never allow your posies to die. Faded flowers can be touched up with water-color paints to match your new ensemble.—*Annette Cox, Vicksburg, Miss.*

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What's on Your Head—One of your father's stiff white shirt collars makes the front of a starched Dutch cap. Mount it on a piece of cotton material gathered in back to fit your head. Marion Riddell, Hamilton, Ont. A daisy beanie? Of course; just cut eight white petal shapes about three inches long, and a yellow dot for the center. Arrange like a daisy and sew in place on a green beanie.—Lona Greger, Norristown, Pa. You can have your own color combinations in a striped or plaid hair bow or bandeau. On white ribbon, draw the lines of color with wax crayons. Lay the ribbon on wax paper and press on the wrong side with a warm iron. Your colors are in to stay.—Marshalline Simmons, Harrisburg, Ark. When braiding your pigtails, work a thin wire in with the hair and you'll be able to twist the pigtail into shape—any shape you want.—Etiel Munro, Englishtown, N. J. Here's another tricky play on pigtails. Next time you braid your locks, make three pigtails instead of two. Then tie each with a ribbon—red, white, and blue, for instance.—Rosenan Van Matre, Olney, Ill. Are you a hat chaser? If that sharp new beanie or half-hat is more likely to be off than on your head, in spite of hatpins, sew a small comb inside the front of your hat to anchor it firmly.—Barbara Corsten, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Spring Saving Time—There's no time like right now to find new ways to save. It's easy to transform a salt box into a pig bank. You paint the box white, and spot it with black. The tin spout is the mouth. Glue a spool in place for the nose. Ears and eyes come from pieces of felt, legs from wooden matchsticks, and a curly tail from a pipe cleaner. Cut a slit in his back for feeding, and you'll find that this pig has a large appetite.—Irene McDonald, Halifax, N. S. Your old hollow china or composition doll will be receptive to saving stamp money, too, if you make a slit in the back of her head and dress her patriotically.—Phyllis June Frost, Canadian, Tex.

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.



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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 22)

thing else instead? It is true, though, that "yes men" can become very dull.

It is certainly good to learn to look for things to like, admire, and enjoy in others, even though it is sometimes hard to discover winning ways or mutual interests. On the other hand, we cannot possibly be expected to "go all out" for everybody with an equal degree of enthusiasm. But, as we are sure Janie would agree, we can be courteous and friendly just the same and avoid acting as if we, or those who are our close friends, know all the answers or do things the one and only right way. It is very valuable to be successful in getting along with different kinds of girls, boys, and adults.

Perhaps Janie can help the girl about whom she wrote us to understand that it will be best for her to find other friends, as well, and not to concentrate so heavily on one chosen companion. Janie might also suggest that her friends—at school and outside—try hard to make this girl feel wanted and appreciated, and invite her to join in some of their group activities. The more a girl feels wanted and the more her own interests are recognized and her feelings understood, the better for everybody.

All girls cannot be equally beautiful, smart, clever, attractive, entertaining. Each has satisfactions and disappointments of her own and differs in many talents, interests, and problems. Some need encouragement and friendship very much, often to make up for other things which may be lacking or to provide more self-confidence. Janie might find out that by thinking of her "boring" friend in a pleasanter way she would discover qualities she never dreamed were there.

I'd like to know what to do in my spare minutes. There is no Y.W.C.A. or any organization like that in our town and it seems like there is almost no

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form of recreation that I am interested in.—Kay K., aged 12, Iowa

WE HAVE a number of letters like Kay's, for many girls are eager to discover interesting things to do and also places for having group get-togethers. Many American communities are doing a good job of providing suitable recreational activities. They are planning for programs, leadership, space, and equipment.

Schools, churches, and libraries can often furnish information and advice about forming young people's groups; and there are a number of national organizations to which Kay might write, such as the Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts, National Recreation Association, all in New York City; and there are also 4-H Clubs and county farm agencies. Kay might write to the librarian of the nearest public library, for program suggestions. Of course, she and her friends will need the guidance of parents, teachers, and other adults interested in young people.

What sort of things to do alone or with a friend will depend on her interests and abilities, the free time she has, and also on her play and work space and materials. Doing things oneself instead of just being entertained by movies or radio programs (although these have their place, too) can be best fun of all. Hobbies of many kinds have wide appeal. We can here only suggest a few things which might seem of interest to Kay. Girls sometimes enjoy nature trips, scientific experiments, weaving, knitting, working with wood and clay, repairing household articles, cooking, caring for pets, arranging for group sings, picnics, or parties, making puppets and marionettes, giving plays, and collecting all sorts of things.

Many times a girl's parents or certain fond relatives will want to share in such activities. So many things keep adults and young people apart now—why not foster more togetherness?

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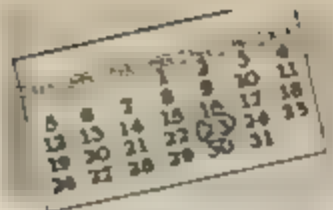


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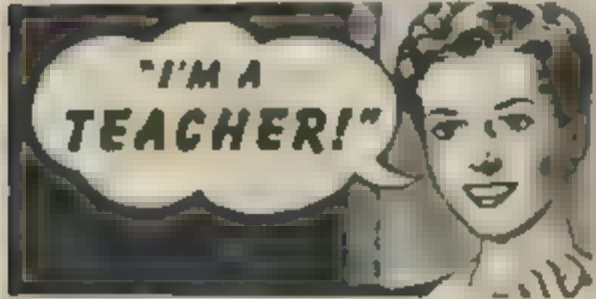
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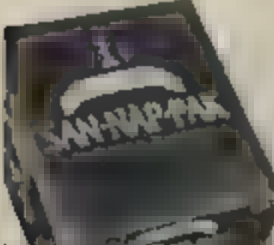


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Try Careless Lydia Gray—the facial tissue with the double fold! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands.



Next there's the middle position you find yourself in every once in a while, when you are the listener but want to be the talker. Of course, it's cricket to interrupt when it's important. But it must be important to the other fellow and not just to you to hear your own voice. We aren't referring to the polite little listener-like remarks you use to encourage and acknowledge someone's conversation. We mean just plain barging in. That's no good.

Then comes the time when the conversation is all yours. Hold it well, hold it firmly—but don't hold it literally! Even if you do have on your most glamorous shade of nail polish, just hope that your friends notice it as your hands rest demurely in your lap. If you wave your hands around as you talk, your listeners are not apt to notice your nail polish so much as to think that you never learned any adjectives or adverbs and had to talk with your hands. The waving finger just isn't as eloquent as the well-chosen word.

Now that you have the conversation wagging from your tongue and not your hands, you still have the problem of making it intelligible. And that is an important problem, since a conversation is supposed to be an exchange of thoughts. Yours will never have the rating power of a broken record if you don't consider your audience carefully. For instance, if you're talking to Great-aunt Lula and use slang of way since her generation, you might as well not bother. She'll think you're speaking in the tongue of the Pago Pagos.

Listening graciously, expressing yourself in well-chosen words rather than noises and gestures, and considering your audience are the little things that make up the artful frame for your thoughts. You weren't born knowing how; you have to learn how just as you learn which is the right fork to use at dinner. And this is a lot more important than forks. After all, many more people hear you talk than see you eat!

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Another Betty Co-Ed Hollywood offering on page 49



I believe in keeping things stirred up!

And that's why the crowd's always over at my house. Eventually everyone lands in the kitchen — and it isn't the lure of the linoleum!

No black-out for a girl who's at home on the range. When the gang drops in I'm ready with lots of appetite appeal. *Things must taste good!*

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SHORT CUTS TO SHORTCAKES

(Continued from page 36)

Do you know why they call it "shortcake"? Because it has plenty of shortening (fat) in it to make it tender. In ordinary times it would be made with even more fat than suggested in the recipe we gave you. Pre-war recipes for shortcake call for 6 tablespoons of fat instead of only 4. However, by adding a little sugar we can economize on fat and still have a yummy shortcake, for sugar helps to keep it tender, too.

Some good cooks like to mix an egg into their shortcake dough. This gives it a golden color and a more cakelike texture. If you add an egg, use less milk: beat an egg in the bottom of measuring cup, add milk until the mixture measures $\frac{3}{4}$ cup.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE

2 cups red rhubarb, washed and cut in half-inch pieces
1 cup strained honey, or half honey and half sugar
2 tablespoons water

Combine rhubarb, honey, and water in saucepan and cook over low fire until rhubarb is soft. Simmer a few minutes, stirring occasionally to thicken the sauce.

Use the cooked rhubarb as filling and topping for shortcake. Serve with cream or yellow sauce. Serves four.

PEACH SHORTCAKE

2 cups sliced ripe peaches $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
Sprinkle the peaches with sugar immediately to prevent darkening. Place in refrigerator for about an hour to let juices blend with sugar. Use for filling and topping. Serve with cream or orange sauce. Serves four.

Leftover peaches may be cooked a few minutes with sugar to sweeten.

With whipped cream little more than a beautiful memory these days, it behooves us to whip out new and different sauces for our shortcakes. For Junior Housekeeping Leaflet No. 10, "What's Sauce for the Shortcake," send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Junior Housekeeping Department 10 CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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HORSE LAUGH

(Continued from page 5)

"You know my Uncle McKinley is running for county auditor?"

"Again?"

"Certainly again," said Penny loyally. "This time he should win."

I doubted it. Penny's uncle was a sterling but absolutely colorless character. My father said he just didn't have the showmanship instincts of a successful politician. He wouldn't pat babies or hand out free cigars and sewing kits. He just went on doggedly making logical but dull speeches people went to sleep at.

"We can hire David out to my uncle for electioneering," said Penny. "We can hang placards on him—you know, like the horses wear in those circus posters they've put up all over town."

"Wonderful," I said.

Penny nodded modestly. "Moreover, if Uncle McKinley wins this election, he's promised to take us Minute Maids to the circus."

I went over with Penny to see her uncle. We spoke eloquently.

"I have nothing against horses," he said at last, "but the idea of campaigning with that—that knock-kneed, moth-eaten rack of bones chills me. No, girls, thanks a lot—but no."

Penny was so down that for a while I was afraid her brain had received a mortal blow, but finally she rallied, and thought again.

"I know," she said, "we can hire David out by the hour."

I know now what they mean by a horse laugh. Hiring David out seemed like a wonderful idea, what with the gas and tire shortage and all. We were enthusiastic. Blue, who is artistic, made a sign: HORSE FOR HIRE—REASONABLE. We hung it on our front gate.

Customers came—and customers went. David just wouldn't take his career seriously. I mean, it's hard to explain to a horse about honor and economics and cooperation.

He would do the queerest and most unexpected things. For instance, for no reason at all that we could ferret out he'd stop and slowly revolve several times in the middle of the road. Once, when he was cantering along quite placidly, he swerved suddenly and jumped over the Pritchards' fence into their victory garden. Then, of course, there was that maddening thumping he did with his right hoof. Moreover, he'd come up with some new trick daily. Naturally, this was all very unnerving for us—and for his riders. We never knew what to expect.

"If you Minute Girlies had to have a mascot," said my father, shaking his head, "why didn't you get a dog or cat instead of that—that outsized gremlin?"

I couldn't answer.

The Monday before the Thursday that the USO center was to be dedicated, we had a meeting. Flower, with down-

cast eyes, reported three dollars and eleven cents in the treasury.

"It's the oats," she whispered huskily. "Mainly oats."

Just then the telephone rang. I had an ugly premonition. So did Penny. She shut her eyes.

"For whom the bell tolls," she said.

I lifted the receiver with a shaking hand. "Yes?"

"Carol, dear," said Mrs. Pringle sweetly, "I'm sorry to have to be blunt, but if there isn't any furniture in the writing alcove by Wednesday morning, we'll have to try to make other arrangements."

After that, for fully five minutes, we all sat staring into the black pit of disgrace. Was it going to be noised about Little City that we could not fulfill our obligations?

"If only my Uncle McKinley had listened to reason," sighed Penny.

"The election is tomorrow,"

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Peanuts said unnecessarily. "And the circus parade's this afternoon," said Libby.

"Where's David?" Flower asked.

"Miss Smithers, the librarian, has him out," I said dully.

Then we all stared. Miss Smithers hadn't had him out very long. She came staggering up the driveway leading David. Her new jodhpurs were torn, her hair scraggly, there was mud on her left cheek. On the porch she sank trembling into the glider, pressing a handkerchief to her pale lips.

"I—I slid down off his tail in front of all those people," she said, half hysterically. "He—he stood up."

"Stood up!"

"Yes, when we passed the park where the election band was blaring."

"What for?"

"How should I know? I'm dead—simply dead!"

I glanced at David, tethered to the oak tree—froze, horrified. He had stiffened as if at a signal. Then he crumpled, rolled over and lay ominously still. I felt my heart skid and thump. With one long, shaking sob, Flower dashed for the phone to call the veterinarian.

"David's dying," she cried. "Oh, please—come quick!"

He was there in no time, black bag and all—a little man with fluttery gray whiskers. Somberly, he stooped down—I supposed to feel David's pulse. Then he straightened, an odd expression on his face.

"He's as much alive as I am," he said. "Three dollars, please."

David scrambled to his feet. I could have sworn he grinned as Flower gave the vet his fee. When he'd gone, we all stared at the eleven cents remaining in Flower's perspiring palm.

Peanuts made a curious gulping sound. "Good-bye, alcove!"

"We're sunk!"

Libby wailed.

"This is the end."

I'll admit I thought so, too—but it wasn't, not quite. I could see more trouble coming, more dis-

grace on the way. Red of face, puffing, stomping along on short, stout legs, came Penny's uncle, McKinley Parks.

"Quick! Let me borrow that critter!" he panted. "Important meeting I've got to speak at. Car stalled—out of gas."

"It'll cost you a fiver after all the unkind things you've said about David," Penny told him.

He swallowed. Then, "Very well. Help me up. It's yours if he'll take me there."

We all helped him up. We pushed and pushed. He strained and strained. He tottered, grabbed leather, and finally stayed put. Libby handed him the reins. Peanuts pushed his feet into the stirrups, slapped David's flanks, and cried, "Giddap!"

At that moment there was a sudden blare, a burst of music, and the circus parade turned the corner. With a wild snort, David reared, turned in the opposite direction he was supposed to go with Penny's uncle—went galloping off like mad. Neck arched, tail proudly up, he was soon prancing, dancing at the head of the parade. Penny's uncle held on grimly, an odd look on his face.

"Whoa!" he bellowed.

Conscience-stricken, we all trailed after, frantically echoing McKinley Parks' cry. David seemed not to notice us. A crowd had gathered on Main Street to watch the parade.

Someone cried, "Hey, isn't that McKinley Parks up there, the one that's running for county auditor?"

Several people yelled. "Well—it sure is! What do you know!"

Cheers broke out. "What an election stunt! Say, he must be a good sport—ain't no cinch to ride a circus horse."

Suddenly a clown ran forward from the ranks of per-

formers behind the circus band.

"It's him!" he cried. "It's my long-lost Gabriel!"

He flung himself forward, seized David's reins. David was as meek as a lamb.

Gawking, we Minute Maids gathered around as the clown led David out of the line of march. The clown helped Penny's uncle dismount, questioning and explaining at the same time. David, it turned out, was a circus horse stolen from the show three years before. They'd been combing the countryside for him ever since.

"Why, that explains everything," said Libby excitedly. "David's counting with his hoof when he heard a number mentioned, rolling over when Miss Smithers said the word 'dead,' and standing up on his hind legs when the park band played and . . ."

"That's right, miss," nodded the clown. "This horse is a famous trick horse."

The clown introduced himself as Monsieur Le Beau. His career, he said sadly, had been nearly ruined when David, or Gabriel, as he called him, had been stolen. They'd been billed as "Monsieur Le Beau and the Great Gabriel." While the clown was talking David nuzzled him fondly. Newspaper photographers came and took pictures of everyone—of us Minute Maids, David, Penny's uncle, and Monsieur Le Beau. It was terribly exciting, and the most exciting thing of all was when the clown offered us a hundred dollars to sell David back to him. We were saved!

You should hear the praise lavished upon the USO writing alcove. You should hear how fondly Penny's uncle speaks of David. The publicity won him the election. And you should have heard us all cheer David—or Gabriel—from our seats

at the circus: Flower insists he looked straight at us—and winked. I don't know. I guess he could have. David can do practically anything

Don't Worry if the next issue of Calling All Girls is a little late.

There are apt to be unavoidable delays in publishing during wartime so please be patient if your copy does not appear on the same day each month. It will be ready as soon as possible, and we hope that if you have to wait a little while for it, you'll be even more eager than usual to see what's new in your favorite magazine—CALLING ALL GIRLS.

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16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
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24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
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